

Are the Russians Sabotaging our Missiles?

DC

# SIR!

JULY

35c

SIR's 1960  
PENNANT  
PREDICTIONS

MARY TROY

THE MAN WHO  
STOLE THE  
EIFFEL  
TOWER

EXTRA BOOK BONUS

THE ESKIMO GIRL  
HEAVEN OF  
SEAMAN GROVES

“Give us  
Love Pills  
DADDY  
BRAUN”

*norm eastman*





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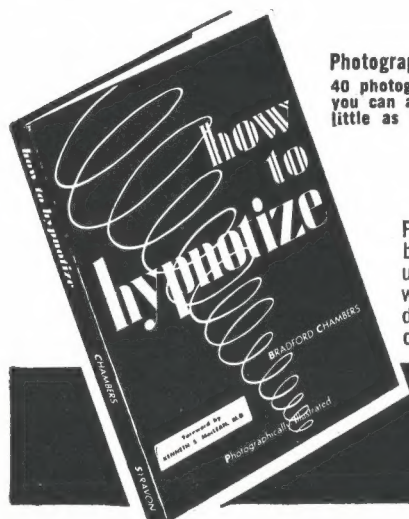
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No. 12

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July, 1960

Vol. 16, No. 12



# Your Thinning Hair

... will you do something  
about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used  
a home plan over the past  
14 years to help solve this  
problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline  
receding, you are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few  
hairs fall every day, of course, and in  
normal growth their place is eventually  
taken by new hairs.

But when you discover many hairs in  
your comb, or when shampooing brings  
them out, that's "it"!

Generally you notice this hair-thinning  
about two years before your friends do,  
though they may be thoughtful and  
polite enough to keep quiet longer  
than that.

Eventually, however, they comment  
that "It looks like you have more 'fore-  
head' than a year or so ago." Now the  
problem has become full blown and...

## You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes:

In the hair cycle we've already men-  
tioned, the hair roots, or follicles as  
they are called, produce hairs, then rest,  
and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair,  
and balding, are caused in most cases  
because follicles do not resume their  
production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically de-  
scribed (underlining, and parenthetical  
phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

*"When a follicle approaches the end of  
its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above  
the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed,  
leaving the follicle much shorter, and hav-  
ing a hair germ of undifferentiated cells  
(not of specialized form, character and  
function), which is the seed for the next*



*These pictures are not posed by a professional  
model. They are actual "before" and "after" pic-  
tures of a user of the Home Plan described here.*

*generation of hair. When activity is set off  
again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb  
which then manufactures hair and the inner  
root sheath again." (When activity isn't set  
off again that's when hair thinning starts.)*

*"During its period of growth, a follicle  
produces hair to its fullest capacity and  
cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased  
hair production, then, can only be achieved  
by initiating activity in quiescent follicles,  
and preventing them from going into the  
(permanent) resting state."*

## How can this be done?

How can this be done, you ask?

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sands of men and women with scalp  
problems, including thinning hair.

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reconditioning is the use, according to  
directions, of two liquid applications,  
in conjunction with a special massage  
method designed to help dilate blood  
vessels in the scalp so that more blood\*

*\* "With ageing there is a progressive transformation of  
growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that pro-  
duce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand).  
The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (sup-  
plied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only  
one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."*

(Technical quotations on this page are from "The  
Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers  
presented at the London conference on The Biology  
of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Mon-  
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Home System. Every day you delay may  
make your problem just that much  
more difficult.

Remember that even on smooth bald  
heads hair roots may still be alive and  
capable of growing hair again after  
proper stimulation. "Increased hair pro-  
duction can only be achieved by initi-  
ating activity in quiescent follicles—pre-  
venting them from going into the  
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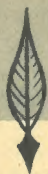
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# DEAR SIR!...



## YOU CUR!

### SEX BOOKS—RIGHT OR WRONG?

Dear SIR!:

My compliments to Mr. J. H. LeB. Smyth, and how right he is! (May) It's about time someone had the courage to speak out about all that nonsense of the importance of satisfying a woman above everything else. What the devil, our fathers didn't worry about such things, and as far as I can remember, my mother and the women of her generation were a lot happier and better off than my wife and her friends are today.

The average guy is certainly hooked by his wife. He works, comes home to do the supper dishes, the cleaning and shopping and gardening on Saturdays, and if he does anything out of the way—maybe you'd be surprised to know how many "nice" wives ration their love-making.

We men have been letting the women get away with murder in the past generation, and it's a shame we haven't got the guts to do something about it now.

VMN  
Springfield, Ill.

Dear SIR!:

Say, what rock did that Mr. Smyth creep out from under? The nerve of the man, making women sound like vultures who take everything and give nothing!

I don't read sex books myself, but I'm sure the authors of these books know what they're talking about. I guess everybody but Mr. Smyth knows that it takes longer for a woman to get into the mood for love than it does a man. As a matter of fact, most of the men I meet seem to have nothing else on their minds.

American men are always talking about how great European girls are. Well, that works both ways. American girls go for European men—and do you know why? Because Europeans aren't afraid to spend a little time on the preliminaries. They don't have to read sex books; they instinctively know what they're doing.

I don't think Mr. Smyth has a thing to worry about. American men won't become gigolos in a million years; they

will never know that much about love! As for becoming impotent, that's probably because they're such Mama's boys.

Helen H.  
Pensacola, Fla.

### MORE ON LOST BOMBER

Dear SIR!:

Congratulations on scooping TV! I was very interested in reading about the Lost Bomber Desert Mystery in your March issue and surprised when I saw it listed on TV a couple of weeks back. It was a great television show—as good as your story.

It's funny the way things happen—a week or so later I read in the paper where they had finally found five of the crew from the plane.

Please keep on giving us true war experience stories like this one. My friends and I sure do like them.

Nelson G.  
Trenton, N. J.

### PRO BEATNIK

Dear SIR!:

You and all the other magazines I read are always saying how awful the beatniks are, that they never wash, don't work, spend all their time sipping coffee; reading pornographic poetry or making love. Well, all that may be true; I've never met a real beatnik so I wouldn't know. However, I have read Jack Kerouac's book "On the Road" and now I'm reading his "Dharma Bums." Frankly I enjoy his writing very much, and he gives an almost entirely different picture of beatniks. I believe he was one of the first fellows in the movement, so maybe he's talking about his own friends, and the real slobs came along later.

Anyway, the beatniks in Kerouac's books may fool around with girls, but they're also real intellectuals and they do work, when the spirit moves them. The greatest thing about them is that they seem to have so much freedom. They really do as they please—they study, they travel, they sit up all night if they like. They have time to really live, to look at things, to think about them.

I didn't have any life of my own when I was in my teens and early 20's. I had to quit school to support my mother and sister, and later got married. I'm not complaining about my wife or anything like that, only at times I get the feeling I missed a lot when I was young. I still wish I'd gone to school and done some crazy things and had some memories. Maybe that's why I go for Kerouac's books and feel sympathetic toward beatniks.

Mr. J. W.  
Austin, Tex.

### ROGER TOUHY'S GUILT

Dear SIR!:

Your story on Roger Touhy (May) interested me very much. I can go along with the theory he was framed on the Factor kidnaping rap, but he was probably guilty as hell on something else. Why would an innocent man surround himself with convicted mobsters as Touhy did back in the '30's? And if he was innocent of everything except bootlegging, why would he be murdered in a gangland-type slaying as soon as he got out of prison?

I think there are too many loose ends in this case to say he was just an innocent victim of a frame-up.

Paul A.  
Walnut Creek, Calif.

### KENTUCKY DERBY NO TRUE CLASSIC

Dear SIR!:

Sorry to have to contradict you, but the Kentucky Derby is not a true racing classic. The true Derby distance in England is longer, somewhat like our Belmont Stakes—a mile and a half. Also, the Derby is run too early in the year. Some real good horses haven't matured enough to run their true race.

W.C.  
Lexington, Ky.

### ROCKY'S REDOUBTABLE RIGHT

Dear SIR!:

Just what the hell did Johansson beat when he bounced around D'Amato's toe-dancing protege, will-o'-the-wisp Floyd Patterson?

Patterson came out of the Olympics with a lot of promise but was wet-nursed by D'Amato, so any ability he might have had never developed. So Ingo knocked over an unproved, untested champ, and Johansson's credentials have little else to show.

Rocky, who was the hardest training fighter of modern times, in all likelihood could get back in shape and knock out the Swede. It's just a question now of whether the big money means more to Rocky than his undefeated record.

Joe J.  
Little Rock, Ark.



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● ● OUTSIDE OUR thatched hut the rain picked up in strength and the Chagga drums were ominously silent. In the light from a spear of lightning I glanced at Braun's face. On it was the look of a miser fingering his gold. But Gunther Braun was counting his remaining bullets.

"They will probably attack us very soon, Werner," he said. "Well, we shall give a good accounting of ourselves like true Nordics, eh, my friend?"

The professor's face, once arrogant and full-fleshed, was ashen and flabby now. The man had aged fifteen years in the weeks we had spent here on Bamenda, an island off the African West Coast 120 miles south-southwest of the Comores, a French protectorate.

Braun raked me with eyes which were still imperious, though glassy and veined now from his excesses. He fumbled with a padded leather case which he took from his pigskin suitcase. I had often wondered what was in the box.

"Here, you take my knife, Werner." He handed me the blade which nestled on a velvet bed, a handsome example of Solingen steel. "You would be an idiot to remain unarmed against these swine."

I watched the polished metal gleam as fitful lightning played in the sky outside the hut. On the blade was engraved in Teutonic script:

"To a fervent apostle of Aryan Science, Dr. Gunther Braun, from the Class of 1938, College of Pharmacy, Gottingen University."

An inch-wide swastika was engraved on each side of the dagger. I couldn't hold back a snort as I tucked the (Continued on page 54)



The captain and Werner gazed in horror as the pretty French stewardess, under the influence of Braun's drugs, flung herself at the German.



# DADDY BRAUN!"

By **WERNER STERN**  
as told to **Jack Kingsley**











# P.S. *to* *Michener*

By EDWIN C. MOORE, U.S. NAVY

**On Feb. 8, 1952 a Dispatch  
from Author James Michener  
Told of the Attempted  
Helicopter Rescue of Ensign  
Norman Broomhead over North  
Korea. This Dramatic Follow-  
up Was Written by One of  
Broomhead's Two Rescuers**

● ● DID ANY OF YOU ever read the newspaper dispatch that writer James Michener sent while he was in Korea? It went like this:

"Have Americans lost their moral courage? I was in Korea when I received a newspaper from home reviewing the corruption and scandals of our time. On that same morning young Ensign Norman S. Broomhead, of Salt Lake City, took off from the aircraft carrier *Valley Forge* and roared over Communist Korea to blast a bridge. His plane was destroyed by enemy fire.

(Continued on page 60)

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The lieutenants in the copter made a running pass over the badly injured ensign.



EXTRA BOOK BONUS

# The Eskimo Girl Heaven of SEAMAN GROVES

By WILSON G. HUGHES

**Rescued from Freezing Arctic Waters, Joe Groves Found Himself on Remote Arpertileq Island with 50 Luscious Blue-Eyed Blonde, Man-Hungry Eskimo Girls, Descendants of Viking Explorers**

*(Author's Note: In August, 1956, while doing hydrographic research for the University of Melbourne in the Cape Low region, I came into the possession of a sealed oil drum brought to me by an Eskimo trapper named John Ogli, who had found it bobbing in the surf.*

*Upon opening the rusted container, I found some sixty pages of handwritten notes on a tree-bark kind of paper, some barely readable, purporting to be the diary of a Joseph Groves.*

*After checking with Canadian naval authorities, I learned that there had, indeed, been a seaman of that name aboard the ill-fated Marwinda which was torpedoed in 1943—presumably with all hands lost—on the Murmansk convoy run. On the basis of the thorough notes penned by Seaman Groves, the following story has been reconstructed. It is one of the strangest to come out of World War II.)*

● ● THE MAN in the lifeboat dug his frostbitten hand into his eye and tried to pry open the ice-crustured lids. His eyes throbbed with pain. Joe Groves cursed the freezing stillness and the interminable Arctic night.

I'm going daffy for sure, he told himself. Girls' voices out here in the ocean? Not a chance!

With resignation, as if he wished to meet death, he huddled under the stiff tarpaulin in the creaky lifeboat.

The battered craft—looking small and helpless in the expanse of ice and black patches of water—continued its aimless journey, bumping into increasingly large mounds of ice and small bergs.

Groves was in terrible physical condition after thirteen days' exposure to the elements. But he now felt excitement and hope stirring in his emaciated body as the cry came again.

"Kratouna, kratouna! (white man). Grab this boat hook. We will pull you in!"

The words at first meant little, then Groves remembered his lessons in pidgin Eskimo, a dialect used by trappers and Mounties. The idiom had been taught him in the fo'c'sle of the *Marwinda* during many idle hours. His teacher had been Billy Ong, a leathery little man, a stoker who claimed his grandfather had been a Paquet Bay Eskimo.

Poor Billy! Dead now like the rest of the *Marwinda's* crew. That tin fish thrown by the Nazi sub into the guts of the ship had sent many swell guys to meet their Maker.

Helpless, Groves tried to focus his filmed eyes on the snow glare. "I understand you! But I can't see . . . come closer."

It was hard to breathe. Ice particles clogged his nostrils, he gagged from the cold, and a dull ache suffused his chest. He was

(Continued on page 90)

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Joe Groves was sure he was still delirious as the blonde Eskimo girls pulled him into their oomiak.













# THE TRUTH ABOUT AMNESIA

By KENT PATRICK

**Although 90 Per Cent Fake Amnesia, True Loss of Memory Strikes 40,000 Americans—Men and Women, Young and Old—Each Year. The Disease Can Be Brought on by a Blow to the Head, VD, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Psychoses, and the Excessive Use of Alcohol and Drugs**

● ● LIGHT FILTERED into the motel room through the cracks in the window shade, and Joe Curtis blinked in a puzzled way and scratched his head, wondering just where he was. He yawned, looked at his watch and sat up. He became suddenly alert as he heard the rhythmic breathing of somebody else in his bed. Incredulous, he was aware of a woman's warmth next to him and the scent of cologne. It was most disturbing, even startling, for when he had gone to bed the previous night he had been alone. Or so he thought.

The blonde girl stirred on her pillow and opened young and mocking eyes. "Hi there, daddy-o. Jeepers, but you do snore! I guess that's what happens when you're middle-aged."

Curtis frowned, his mind racing with unanswered questions. Who was this girl? How had she gotten here? He didn't remember making love to her. . . . And just where the hell was he, anyway?

He had gone to sleep in his own bed in Mrs. Fogelson's rooming house in

*(Continued on page 74)*

"What am I doing here?" the stripper cried in anguish. For suddenly, in the middle of her routine, she had regained her memory and remembered she was really a schoolteacher.



# THE DAY WE LIBERATED BERLIN

By LOU CAMERON

**Kilroy Had Nothing on Cameron,  
Ivanho and Pearson. Sent on a  
Recon Mission into Berlin,  
These Zany Sergeants Shook up  
the Whole Russian Army**

● ● It was ALL my great-grandmother's fault, my being one of the first GI's into Berlin. There I was, sitting on the Elbe with a liberated bottle of schnapps and a well-upholstered Kraut "secretary" named Brunhilde, when the old man decides to send a few scouts into Berlin. That's where my great-grandmother fouled me up.

The old lady's name was Ernestine Von Lindke, and she came from East Prussia. She was too stiff-necked to learn English and so half the people on my mother's side spoke German. By the time it filtered down to me it was pretty thin. I could say: "Where can I get a drink in this town?" and "Listen, honey, why can't you be a little co-operative?" and "Please pass the butter."

On the strength of this, they made me a translator for the 2nd Armored.

The old man said: "Cameron, I want you and Pearson and that idiot, Ivanho, to go up to Berlin tonight."

Pearson, who had the Congressional and didn't have to be nice to anybody below the rank of chicken colonel, said: "Why us? We ain't done nothing."

"Da, da, tovarisch," said the Red MP happily, pointing to the Russian soldier pitted to the wall by the bullets; "is hokay, no?" Cameron felt a little sick, but he didn't dare show it.









# LIBERATED BERLIN . . .

"Yes, you have," said the old man. "You've just volunteered to go ahead of the column and see what the Russians are doing up the *Auto-Bahn*. It's a tossup between us and the 101st Airborne to occupy Berlin for the Americans and nobody knows what the Russians are going to do about it."

I said: "Hey, Captain (I was bucking for T/5 and never called him Shorty), I thought the Russians were on our side."

"We hope so. We've given them a hell of a lot of ammunition and I wouldn't like to get hit with it. See, the Germans are all shot and the Russians don't have to be polite any more. They've already gone back on a couple of agreements and some of the brass are worried."

Pearson said: "Well, let the brass go into Berlin then. You want to get us all killed?"

"I knew you'd see it my way, men. That's what I told the colonel. I've got three good men, Colonel. All speak fluent German and Russian. I'll send them in for a fast recon."

"Who speaks Russian?" I asked. "I can hardly find my way to the john in German."

The old man explained that Ivanho had been promoted from permanent digging detail to translator through the foresight of his grandfather, who was born in the Ukraine. I looked at Pearson and he looked up toward heaven. We'd gotten through the whole war without Ivanho. Now we had to ride around in the same jeep with him.

Ivanho wasn't his nickname. He was really named Ivanho. It didn't seem to bother him none. He was a heavy-set guy with a wry grin. Ivanho didn't have sense to pour sand out of his boot, and he was accident-prone.

That's not saying accidents happened to Ivanho. They happened around him. You know the kind of guy? There was one in every outfit. They gave him a job as a driver and he had three tanks in a row blown out from under him. It wasn't his fault. He couldn't have seen those mines he ran over. He just had an instinct for the damned things. If there was a "teller" mine within 12 miles, Ivanho would drive over it.

He did just as well with lighter vehicles. Once he managed to run over a mine after the whole column had passed over it. They made him a dispatch rider and he wrecked three motorcycles in one day without getting a scratch.

There was only one thing to do. They made him a cook. The first day in the kitchen, a gasoline stove blew up and damned near killed the mess sergeant, which might have been a good thing. But the next morning Ivanho left a cake of GI soap in the coffeemaker. There were rumors he was a Nazi spy.

So Ivanho spent the rest of the war digging slit trenches and garbage pits. They gave him the Bronze Star as a consolation.

We got Ivanho out of a 6 by 6 hole in the ground and told him he was going with us in the jeep. He smiled and said: "Swell. I'll drive."

Pearson put a hand on the butt of his 45 and snarled: "Touch that wheel and you're a dead man!" He wasn't kidding.

We filled the back of the jeep with K-rations and Ivanho and took off up the *Auto-Bahn*. One thing you have to give that maniac Adolph credit for. He built mighty pretty roads. If only he'd stuck to highway engineering

. . . well, that's another story.

We found a *Gasthaus* that was open and went in and liberated a barrel of beer. We were going to liberate a couple of *frauleins*, but with the beer and the K-rations and Ivanho in the back, it was kind of crowded. So we left the dames behind. Beer was harder to get.

We started seeing blue and yellow signs with bullet holes in them: "BERLIN nach 47 Klm." etc. Then we ran into a couple of Russian soldiers who wanted a ride. Since they were girls, we gave it to them.

Pearson stopped the jeep and they came over and climbed in. It was too crowded in back so they sat up front, on our laps. Every time Pearson shifted gears, the one on my lap giggled and gave me a playful slap in the mouth. I tried to tell her it wasn't me doing that to her knee, but she didn't get it. She giggled again and slugged me. She wasn't bad-looking, if you like them hefty.

I yelled back to Ivanho: "Hey, Ive, tell this broad to stop slamming me. She thinks I'm feeling her up."

Ivanho yelled at the Russian dame and she yelled back. Then Pearson shifted into second and she belted me across the nose. I said: "For Pete's sake, didn't you tell her?"

"She don't speak Ukrainian, Cam. She's one of them damn Siberians. Khazak, most likely. Can't get through to her."

"Well, I can," I said. I gave the babe a playful pinch.



U.S. and Red Army officers and war correspondents toast one another to celebrate meeting at Torgau, Germany on Elbe River, April 26, 1945. Gal is reporter Ann Striner.

When she giggled and slapped, I slugged her in the jaw.

She looked kind of surprised and gave me a big grin. "Tovarisch!" she yelled, and wrapped her arms around me.

I thought she'd strangle me. Kissing is one thing, this dame was trying to inhale me.

Pearson said: "Man, what's your technique?"

I said: "They like to get slugged."

Pearson stopped the jeep and belted his date across the bridge of the nose. She started to cry and snuggled up to him. He said: "Hey, Ive, you can drive. Me and Miss Magnitogorsk of 1929 are getting in the back."

I said: "Are you sure, Pearson? You know what happens when Ivanho drives."

"He can't hit a mine on the *Auto-Bahn*. It's solid concrete."





Column of Soviet tanks enters German capital. Author and his 2 companions had wild time with Red WAC's in Berlin.

Red POW's welcome U.S. 9th Army at Stalag 326, 6K. There were 9,000 prisoners; 30,000 had died.



Infantrymen of U.S. 1st Army (l.) extend hands to Red troops (r.) on broken bridge over Elbe River.



"You want to bet?"  
"How'll you collect?"

He had a point. So we let Ivanho dtive while Pearson and I smooched with the two babes. Pearson opened the beer barrel and we filled our canteen cups with suds. It was sort of messy. If you've ever tried to guzzle beer in a bouncing jeep, you know what I mean. But we got most of the beer inside us and we were wearing fatigues, anyway.

By this time the two babes were singing "Meadow-land," the Russian's "Lili Marlene." Ivanho stopped to pick up some more Russian soldiers, three of them. It would have been all right, but they were men. Like I said, he was stupid.

(Continued on page 84)





Ed poses with pretty Ann Blyth. A gentleman in the press (his column often on same page as Hedda's throughout U.S.), Ed pulls no punches when TV ratings are at stake.

## Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

### Men and Maids, and Stuff

My distinguished neighbor, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, reacting to the inflammatory editorial against Sen. John Kennedy in the nondenominational Protestant magazine, Christianity Today, says: "We must keep the forthcoming Presidential campaign above religious partisanship and vote for candidates on the basis of their proven records as Americans." Kennedy's record in the Pacific records as conspicuous heroism when his PT boat was marked off by a Japanese destroyer. He saved one of his crewmen by swimming 5 miles, towing the raft with the badly burned sailor, IN HIS TEETH!! I'm sure Kennedy didn't ask the burned sailor his religion.

The most offensive paragraph in Christianity Today this way: "Can we be sure that a Catholic candidate for the confessional booth will not sneeze and puke?"

By JAMES CONNOLLEY

# THE NITE SMILEY

**Hedda Planned a Big-Talent Brawl Opposite Sullivan's Sunday Shindig. When Ed Heard Hedda Was Paying Her Guests a Measly \$210 Scale, Instead of the \$10,000 He Shells Out, Ed Squawked So Loud, a Senate Investigation Is Rumored to Be on the Way**

♦ ♦ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! In this corner, standing 5-feet-8½, weighing 157, wearing a blue suit and a frozen smile, representing CBS-TV, we give you the Sunday evening network champion of the world—Ed Sullivan!

And in this corner, standing 5-feet-5, weighing 118, wearing a mink stole and a goofy hat, representing NBC-TV, we give you the challenger—Hedda Hopper!

Okay, Ed and Hedda, shake hands and retire to your corners, and at the sound of the bell come out fighting. Let's make it a good clean match and may the best man win.

Well, it didn't shape up as much of a bout. The champ waded in like an alley brawler, swinging with all he had. Hedda got in one good lick before being flattened, but when it was all over, Ed wasn't even breathing hard.

The fracas started right after Christmas, which is always a good time to scrap. Hedda, if you'll remember, had lined up a TV spectacular with a lot of big Hollywood names,

which NBC planned to put on directly opposite Sullivan's Sunday night show on CBS.

Sponsored by a drug outfit, Hedda planned to grab a few million Sullivan viewers. Maybe she could have done just that, but three weeks before the Jan. 10 date of her show, alert ears in the Sullivan camp picked up an interesting bit of info.

Hedda, according to buzz-buzz in the business, planned to pay her guest stars peanuts, tossing them the union minimum of \$210 for their appearances. One of the biggies scheduled to be so honored was Charlton Heston, the "Ben Hur" lead who had picked up \$10,000 as a Sullivan guest.

Ed's crew did some checking on Hedda's payroll plans. Ten days before Hedda's show was to be aired, Ed got off wires to the Screen Actors Guild and to the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. The telegrams accused Hedda of using

(Continued on page 64)



# Hollywood

By HEDDA HOPPER

Hollywood, Feb. 8.—Acting in Las Vegas is like living in a churn. This oasis is reeling under the impact of two motion picture companies whose stars keep night spots flipping. The stars of "Ocean's 11" are putting on a special show in the Casino for crews of both pictures. Tourists are bug-eyed.

A "Pepe" set duplicates the main room at the Sands, has Cantinflas, Dan Dail, and 150 extras at gaming tables. Looks like a hop. George Sidney is one of. He visited Cantinflas in picture script was even he's going.

Both films deal with the Sands, playing Entratter in

Charlton Heston (with wife) withdrew from Hedda's show, saying: "... I'd be doing them (Ed, Sid Caesar, Como) a dirty trick to go ahead."

# GOT TOUGH

Hedda Hopper is known for screwy hats, movie column. Once an actress, her NBC spectac opposite Ed got mixed notices.





## A TRUE CASE OF

**This Is the Documented Story of Prospector Tom Laurie's Attack by the Warramullas, and the Thought Message That Saved His Life. It Was Sent 300 Miles Over the Trackless Desert of Australia's Gold Fields**

By **WILLIAM ABRAMS**



● ● MANY STRANGE and curious episodes of mental telepathy have occurred in widely-separated parts of this world of ours. Now, from the barren deserts of Australia's Northern Territory, comes a proven story of thought-transference which is the most extraordinary one of all. The weird drama, which took place in the desolate gold fields of Tanami, involved the death struggle of a blind prospector with a band of savage natives. These natives, like human telegraph poles, had mastered the mysterious technique of sending their mental messages across hundreds of miles of untracked desert.

When Tom Laurie and his two brothers, Jack and Bill, went into the Tanami desert to prospect for gold in 1923, they had no way of knowing that the fierce, half-naked aborigines who inhabited the area were gifted with the powers of mental telepa-





Mound of stones (above) near Halls Creek in Kimberleys marks grave of one of 3 Laurie brothers. Warramulla tribesmen (l.) were once very hostile to white men.

## MENTAL TELEPATHY



After 1923 attack on Tom Laurie, police set up station near Tanami gold fields. Before that police were 300 miles away.

thy. Scientists and anthropologists the world over were already convinced that the Australian aborigines possessed this phenomenal ability, but it was left to Tom Laurie and his brothers to find out for themselves—the hard way.

All three of the Laurie brothers have long since died. Tom was the last survivor of the trio whose adventures are told and retold by white men who gather around the water holes of Tanami. Jack Laurie lies in a lonely grave under a pile of stones on a trail from Halls Creek in the Kimberleys. His end was hastened by those twin spectres of disaster—foul desert water and food that would turn the stomach of an animal.

Only a few miles from Halls Creek lies the burial place of Bill Laurie, whose death (Continued on page 69)



Tom Laurie was almost killed by unfriendly aborigines. Police heard of attack within hour after it happened; they were able to reach Tom in time to save his life.





# ARE THE RUSSIANS SABOTAGING OUR MISSILES?

By HENRY C. ROSSMERE

Read the list of missiles that have failed, at the end of this article!

**Missiles and Rockets That Have Goofed Have Cost Us \$25 Billion So Far. Many Prominent People Call It Sabotage; Point out That Red Subs Have Been Sighted Near the Florida Coast**

There's inferno of fire, smoke as Vanguard satellite launching rocket (pix 1) and Titan ICBM (2) explode at firing. Thor rocket (3) breaks in 2 pieces after 70 seconds in air. Thor Able rocket (4), carrying instruments for probe of space around moon, breaks up.



Americans invented radar, TV, planes etc. Why should we have so many failures with rockets and missiles? (That's a Titan blowing up).

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● ● AFTER TEN YEARS of experimenting with fizzles, flukes and foul-ups, which have already cost the nation's taxpayers a staggering 25 billion dollars, the United States missile program is growing more frightening by the day. It can bring only one conclusion—Soviet sabotage is making Uncle Sam a bush leaguer in the race for space.

Day by day more than half the U.S. rockets are sputtering, blowing up and misfiring, turning the blue Florida sky into a flaming orange, and setting off a chain reaction of snickers around the world. The top scientists who supply the brains for America's space and missile program insist that the failures are far too common to make sense.

Meanwhile, the "University of Goboomingbang"—otherwise known as the Ordnance Missile School—is turning out thousands of rocket experts at Huntsville, Alabama, and they promptly rush off to Cape Canaveral to put more hardware on the launching pads. But their efforts to give America an even footing with Russia are destined for the junk pile unless a fiendishly successful group of Red saboteurs is rooted out, cornered and destroyed.

The first and most dramatic indication of espionage in the missile program came, appropriately enough, on December 7th, 1956, the 15th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. On that day a 74-foot Snark intercontinental guided missile, valued at one million dollars, rose gracefully from its launching pad at Cocoa Beach, Florida, and sailed serenely southward over the Atlantic. The happy event touched off a round of backslapping and hilarity among the ground crews as the Snark zoomed through the sky at a speed of 600 miles an hour. But before the flight was an hour old something went mysteriously wrong.

Instead of a well-behaved guided missile, the Snark became a misguided menace and refused to respond to radio signals which should have reversed its course for a scheduled return to the Florida base. Released from its human masters by some unknown interference, the rocket continued on its southward course and crashed somewhere in the uncharted Brazilian jungles, creating a diplomatic crisis with several South American countries.

Security officials in Washington, convinced that technical difficulties had caused the Snark to go astray, took little notice of the incident. Then, less than three months later, something happened in New Mexico which bore a strange resemblance to the events in Florida. A huge Matador missile, which operated under radio controls, ran away from the Air Force at Alamogordo and went on a wild flight across the Southwest before it finally crashed in Wyoming.

After that the chronology of mishaps and misfires continued to mount, week by week, until on December 6th, 1957, when the nation was left stunned and embarrassed by the most shocking disaster of all—one which destroyed America's first space satellite in a ball of fire.

For miles around Cape Canaveral that Friday morning schoolchildren, office workers, housewives and servicemen hurried to (Continued on page 48)





# VICE ON WHEELS



**Road-Riding Chippies Have Become  
the Style with England's Truck  
Drivers Since the Advent of  
Soho's New Prostitution Law**

**By DAISY LOWE**  
as told to **FRED ARNESS**

● ● ON THE NIGHT of September 13, 1959 I stood in a chilling rain on a desolate stretch of road in the Midlands of England, wearing nothing but a black nylon bra and panty set. The water had soaked my skimpy garments until they clung to my body like a second layer of skin, and I might as well have been standing at the roadside stark naked.

At the "tender" age of 19 I had reached the lowest depths to which a woman can go. For nearly three yaers I had been a common prostitute. At an age when most girls are either still in school or just beginning to have serious romances, I was using my young body to satisfy the lustful demands of the rugged men who pilot the big trucks back and forth between London and Britain's industrial North.

During my three years on the road I had had plenty of hard knocks, but that night in the rain I cried for the first time since I was a tiny tot. My life of sin had brought me its own reward, and I was at the point of complete despair.

Little did I realize that I was on the threshold of a new





Daisy gets a helping hand into cab of long-distance truck. Drivers forbidden to carry passengers, but rule's ignored.



Driver expresses opinion of hussies in no uncertain terms. Some dangerous, carry knives.



At one pull-in (restaurant for truckers) Daisy is told off. Some pull-ins off limits to chippies; others welcome them.

life, that I was to be one of the few lucky ones who gets out of that kind of life before it's too late. Today I'm engaged to one of the finest men in the world. Some girls, in my position, might try to shut out the past and pretend that it never happened. I don't know just why, but I feel I must tell my story just as it was in those dark days. If only one girl who reads it learns a lesson from it and stays off the path I took, I think it will be worth-while. And in some small measure I will feel I have paid for the miracle that saved me from the road to destruction I had chosen for myself.


If what I've just said sounds like I'm trying to justify myself and pretend I was a good girl all along who was just a victim of others, let me admit right now that I was a bad girl. Perhaps I was not as bad as some of the other hussies who ply their trade along the great highways of my country. However, I was plenty bad, and I offer no excuse for it, only thanks that I realized where I was going in time and that I met the one man who was able to straighten me out.

I was born in a slum district (Continued on page 80 )



Trucker pulls into a quiet lane and romance comes to back of truck. Some gals have no home, actually live in trucks.





**Author Jane Dolinger Was the First  
White Woman to Visit the Shipibo  
Indians Who Flatten Their Children's  
Heads—and Live with Monkeys**

# **FLATHEADS OF THE FORBIDDEN AMAZON**

**By JANE DOLINGER**

• • WHEN THE LATE French scientist Charles Darwin first introduced his theory of evolution he caused a furor in the Christian world that exists to this day. Whether man actually descended from the hairy ape is anyone's guess, although the proponents of his theory are numerous. As a matter of fact, from the trackless jungles of the Amazon Basin have come stories of a tribe of Indians who are described as monkey people, direct descendants, it is rumored, of the ape.

I first learned of these people a few months ago while living in the village of Pucallpa, a palm-thatched settlement lying on the banks of the Rio Ucayali in Peru.

"I tell you," said Fernando, my Cholo informant, as we drank beer in the filth-littered dining room of the Hotel Mercedes, "that while I have not actually seen these monkey people, I know they exist. On my hacienda upriver I have working for me an Indian whose name is Kamalkeiri. He is a Campa, a tribe that lives deep in the jungle. Not once, but many times he has told me about the Shipibos, whose ancestors were hairy apes. I believe him, too," Fernando added excitedly as he guzzled

Right after child's birth skull is placed between two bamboo boards. Process continued for 5 years, until skull bones set.





Shipibo women make potent beer from mashed yuca, form of potato. They chew it, spit it back into bowls to ferment.



Large hut in which author lived with Shipibos in Central Peru. Forty to 60 people live in each one.

down the last foamy suds in his bottle.

The thought was preposterous. After six years of traveling through various parts of the Greater Amazon jungle, I had heard many strange and unbelievable tales—of Indians who worshiped as a god the rare albino anteater; of a fabulous white goddess, believed to be the daughter of a dead missionary, who ruled a love colony of sex-starved women deep in the Rain Forest of Brazil. Crazy, weird stories, some of them were true, but most were born in the whisky-soaked heads of both Indians and disillusioned adventurers, whose minds had been warped by the searing heat of the tropics.

I sent the barefoot waiter back to the bar for two more beers. My friend wiped his unshaved face with the back of his gnarled hand and searched me with his dark-brown eyes.

"I know the *senorita* is skeptical," he said, "but look."

He took out a battered leather wallet from his shirt pocket. Opening it, he extracted a soiled piece of brown wrapping paper.

"Here is proof," he said, tapping the paper with his dirty finger. It was a crudely-drawn (Continued on page 44 )



Shipibo mom makes clay pot. Note child's elongated head. Grotesque in shape, it doesn't affect brain.



# OUTLAW MOTHERS

**Gals Who Insist on Having Illegitimate Babies,  
by Various Guys and Without Benefit of Clergy,  
Pose a Special Problem. One California Judge  
Recently Sent Two Such Girls to Jail**

● ● WE NEVER THOUGHT we would see the day when motherhood, that most sacred of all American institutions, would be illegal. But the impossible has happened. Not only that, but a California judge recently sentenced two gals to a stretch in the pokey because they violated his stern order not to become pregnant again.

Almost as if to prove that no man can legislate against the powerful forces of nature, one of the girls really gave the judge something to think about. Lucy Martinez added a pair of twins to her six other illegitimate children.

The strange case of the "outlaw mothers" got underway more than a year ago when Lucy Martinez and Lucy Turrieta were convicted of fraud in accepting aid payments for their children.

Judge Michael J. Gatto of Pittsburgh, Calif., granted probation under one condition. The ladies could not bear any more children until they were married.

Now this is a hell of a penalty for a pair of fun-loving girls. A bunch of lawyers got together in San Francisco and claimed that the judge was violating their Constitutional rights.

As though to test the legality of the judge's ruling, the two Lucys got pregnant again, without the tiresome formality of getting married. Soon it became obvious to all that the young ladies were in a family way again. Some nosy social worker snitched to the judge. He promptly showed everybody that the law can't be trifled with by clapping the girls in the county jail.

Lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union jumped into the act and drew up a petition which declared that the ladies' Constitutional rights were violated merely because they had "committed motherhood without the leave of the Justice Court."

No one is sure exactly what rights are being trampled upon, but it's probably the one concerning "cruel and unusual punishment."



In the past 5 years paternity lawsuits have gone up 300% in New York City alone. Pix above shows Patricia Miles and the baby she claims is son of playboy Johnny Meyers.





In a study made in New York City, it was found that one in every 6 babies is illegitimate. The mothers are mostly teenagers.

The A.C.L.U. lawyer did mention sex a time or two (it's hard to see how he could avoid it in a case of this sort), but there was no mention of motherhood.

Albert M. Bendich, A.C.L.U. attorney, argued in his appeal petition: "It is respectfully submitted that sexual intercourse between two adults, freely consenting persons, in the privacy of their own home, is a fundamental aspect of personal liberty and privacy guaranteed by due process of law."

Continuing in this legal jargon, he said: "Although extramarital intercourse is technically a crime in our state, it is common knowledge that the adultery statute is virtual-

ly ignored by all."

What it boiled down to was that "everybody does it," so why is the judge picking on these two girls just because they aren't fortunate enough to be married? Everybody knows there's a shortage of men to go around, anyway.

The crusading lawyer must have made sense as far as the higher court was concerned. The girls were ordered freed from the Contra Costa county jail on writs of habeas corpus.

Lucy Turrieta had already had her fourth child, and two weeks later Lucy Martinez thumbed her nose at the judge by having twins. Between (Continued on page 78)





# CHALLENGE of the WHIPS

By JOHN LEDERER

The American Gaucho Was Scared but He Had to Fight the Bull. It Was the Law of the Argentine Pampas — and the Only Way the Beautiful Senorita Would Give Him a Tumble





Lederer felt the *senorita's* approving gaze as late as his 15 feet of rawhide whip cracked down on the bull's nose.

♦ ♦ I FELT THE sweat of fear trickling down my sides as Raimundo Perey's long whip snaked and cracked an inch from my head. According to the Gaucho code, this was the ultimate challenge, equivalent to the Western "draw if you have the guts." And among these cowmen of the pampasic country, a man is less than a woman if he doesn't take up the challenge.

These pamperos differ only from Westerners in that they don't fight with six-guns. They fight with their own ferocious development of the stock whip, stripped to the waist, toe-to-toe in a 10-foot circle pricked out on the hard-stamped ground with a Spanish spur. Usually a duel

lasts for fifteen to twenty minutes through a hissing, whistling tornado of hide-peeling lashes. The duellists do not die of such duels. They live to remember them.

I flashed a look at the man who stood and watched. I was dressed as they were, in loose shirt and baggy trousers tucked in high boots, and wide flat hat with light chin strap. Like them, I wore a heavy whip as a girdle, 15 feet of plaited rawhide wrapped around my waist, its stout 18-inch stock hanking like a club at my side.

I was as tall and sunburned as any of them, and maybe as strong, but I'd never (Continued on page 66)





*mary troy:*  
*the FIGURE*  
*that DAZZLED*  
*1000*  
*CAMERAS*

**Good Things Do Come in  
Small Packages. Mary's a  
5-Foot Beauty Who's Call-  
ed Another Helen of Troy**

• • At 20, dark-haired 5-foot Mary Troy is a small bundle of loveliness who's greatly sought-after by top photographers. Until recently Mary lived in Hollywood, where she appeared in bit parts in the movies. She now graces the New York scene; models, appears on TV, hopes to land a spot in a Broadway play. Her big ambition is to travel the globe, then marry and have at least six children.





A pert brunette, 20-year-old Mary is only 5 feet, can compete with her bigger sisters any time, with 36-22-34.



In '48 rematch Mills knocks Lesnevich down for 2nd time in 10th. Mills won decision and world light-heavy title.





# FREDDIE MILLS: THE ENGLISH ADONIS

By MAX STEEBER

**Freddie Mills Was One of England's Best Light-Heavies. His Fight with Gus Lesnevich on May 14, 1946 Is Recalled by Old-Timers as the Most Brutal and Bloody in the Annals of Modern-Day Boxing**

● ● THE WAR was over, the bright lights were on again, and it was a big night for English sports lovers, from the lords and ladies on down the line in the social scale. They were all bedecked in their best finery that balmy evening in May, 1946, to witness the first big wholly British sports show since the tide of Hitlerism had been stemmed.

Frederick Percival Mills, a native of Bournemouth, seeking to become the first Englishman since Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons to wear the light-heavyweight boxing crown, had entered the ring amid glaring spotlights and the heroic strains of "God Save the King."

Gustav Lesnevich, an American of Russian descent, a prime citizen of Cliffside, N. J., and the incumbent light-heavy champ, had made his way down the aisle to more spotlights and a brass band rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The opening round proved uneventful, a probing action, each man feeling the other out. At the round's end the conversation was just a hum and a buzz. Then the lights dimmed for the second time. Cigarettes were pinpoints in ringside darkness. All conversation stopped abruptly. All eyes gazed at the ring, where Freddie Mills was making his supreme bid.

For action in the 2nd round of the first Mills-Lesnevich encounter, which took place on May 14, 1946 at Harringay, we have a battle communique from Freddie Mills:

"We were still feeling each other out when bingo—it happened! Gus had hit me with a smacking right to the jaw; he had followed this with a superb left and I was on my knees. I could hear Eugene Henderson, the ref, counting, but I was in a daze. I could not make out the



On Mills' comeback try, Spain's Paco Bueno was one of the fighters Freddie met. Mills knocked Bueno out in 2nd round of the bout.

numbers and I could just see his hand move up and down. I got to my feet with an effort. I could have stayed down another three seconds, but I did not know it. I was on my feet and Gus was coming at me. Another right-hand punch and I was down for 9, up again and down again, up once more. Yes, it was getting hard—up a fourth time, back on the canvas. That's all I know of the second round.


"Come to think of it, I didn't know much for the next seven. I was fighting mechanically, poking out my left, watching that deadly right, fighting like an automaton.

"Then my brain cleared and I was in my corner for the end of the 9th. I knew one (Continued on page 86)

**Retired Mills, wife, at fights. He was only English boxer since Fitzsimmons to wear light-heavy crown.**







# **THE MAN WHO STOLE THE EIFFEL TOWER**

By TED POOLE



● ● MEXICO, the "floating city," is full of surprises for the visiting tourist, but one of the most surprising sights is an exact replica of the famous Eiffel Tower of Paris, located just around the corner from the Plaza De Toros. It stands around 40 feet high and you can sit under its spreading legs and sip tequila while a string orchestra plays soothing music.

What's the surprise? The fantastic manner in which the owner of this enchanting bistro, called Paris Nights, got the cash to start it. It's fitting that his symbol is the Eiffel Tower, because that's how he got the cash. He stole the Eiffel Tower and sold it to—of all people—the Netherlands Government!

No one knows his real name. In Mexico City he's known as Pierre Ermetenger. A quiet, dapper man of perhaps 45, he's single and very popular with the ladies.

His swindle (Pierre calls it that with a devil-may-care laugh) took place during the latter part of 1949 in Paris. At that time, still devastated by the destruction of World War II, Europe lay in dire need of metal to use for rebuilding. Iron was especially prized.

The Netherlands Government, desperate for any source of metal, sent a group of buyers all over the Continent, scouring it for any possible iron to be had.

The Eiffel Tower is 100 per cent iron.

"I have always abominated that rusty monstrosity," Pierre Ermetenger told me, sipping a glass of pernod in his Mexico City cafe. "You know, of course, that it was never meant to stand. It was built, as you remember, for the Great Exposition in 1889. And when the Exposition was over, it was intended to be torn down, along with all the other buildings on the fair grounds."

Pierre heaved a great sigh and called for another glass of pernod. "Alas," he went on, "by the time the Exposition closed, the tower had become a symbol of Paris. Not to the Parisian. Ah, no, he is too worldly and in love with beauty to accept such a hideous symbol as his own. But the visitors, the tourists—they all wanted to see the tower. So the true gentlemen of the Paris Municipal Council let their love of money overcome their love of beauty. The tower attracted tourists to Paris, did it? Yes! Therefore it could stand. For just one more year, then it could be torn down."

But when the year was over and the Council announced its intention of dismantling the metal skeleton, a flood of protests swept in. So the tower was reprieved, for just one more year.

And every year since then the same farce has been reenacted. The law reads the same every time—one year from this date the Eiffel Tower will be torn down in order to restore the former beauty to the Champs de Mars.

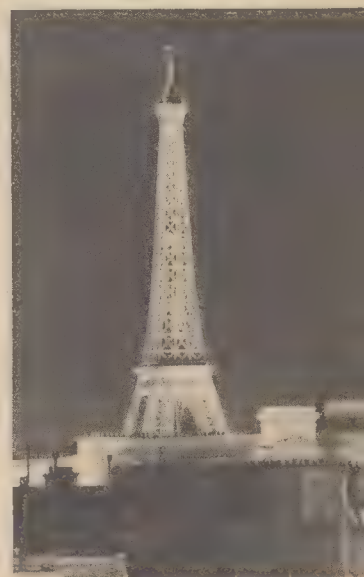
Every year the same bill is passed, and every year the tower wins out and gains another year of life. Sure, it's ugly as sin, but the tourist dollar isn't, and the tourists want to go up in the slanting elevators to the very top, where they can look down over Paris and eat in one of the three elegant restaurants.

In 1949 Pierre Ermetenger was employed as a key figure in the Reconstruction Committee of the French Government. He, along with about a dozen others, had the power to buy and sell land and goods for the public welfare.

By this time, after having participated in two puppet governments, Pierre was a little tired of the constantly confused political scene in (Continued on page 77)



Like these Parisians, Pierre can afford to relax in Mexico City. He got 10 million francs from Dutch government as go-between in deal.



Built for Grand Exposition of 1889, Eiffel Tower was to be torn down (but became big tourist attraction). Paris has statute saying so, which gave Pierre idea to sell it.

**In the Greatest Con Game on**

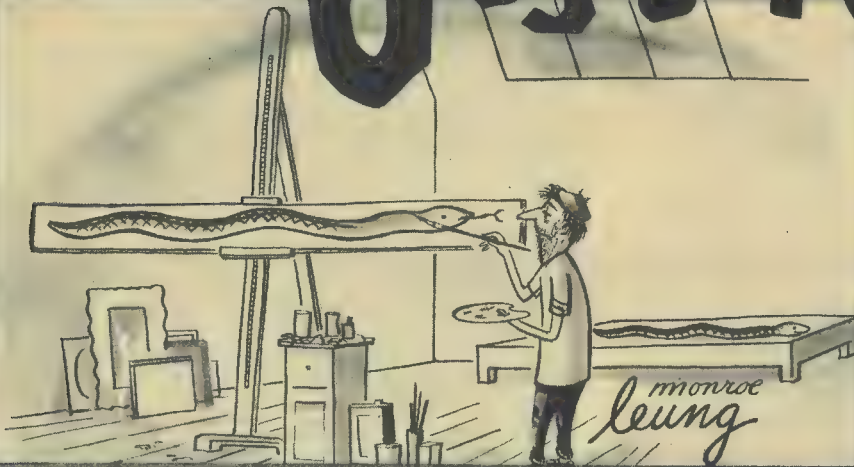
**Record, Pierre Ermetenger "Sold"**

**Paris' Eiffel Tower to the Dutch**

**Government in 1949 for Scrap Iron**



# Just For you Sir!



"I'd like to marry your daughters, sir!"

**Gags for Guys Only**



"All right! Where did you bury it?"





"To put it mildly, I've been a very busy man!"



"Wait till I see Mr. Finley. According to him that's what I'm built like!"



"I don't know why you can't buy your own razor!"





Hank Aaron of the contending Braves, Nellie Fox of the defending Sox, and Willie McCovey of the challenging Giants.

# **SIR's 1960 PENNANT PREDICTIONS**



Dodgers' Larry Sherry is pitcher of the year because of fantastic World Series performance in 1959.



## Los Angeles Should Repeat in the National League Race; While in the Junior Circuit the Chisox Will Take It All

By CLEM BODDINGTON



The Giants are good long shot bet to win National League pennant, helped by Orlando Cepeda (scoring above) and the two Willies—McCovey and Mays.

● ● INJURIES to key players, trades which plug gaps on the contending teams before the June trading deadline, club and individual morale changes, the advancing years of established stars, and even, mother-in-law trouble can upset the most careful calculations of the seer who tries to pick the winners in the 1960 National and American League campaigns.

This being understood, we shall proceed with the traditional guessing game:

The Los Angeles Dodgers should repeat as winners of the National League pennant.

"We are stronger than we were in 1959," says Manager Walt Alston, a man not given to idle boasting.

"Our pitching staff has five fine starters in Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Stan Williams, Danny McDevitt and Larry Sherry, our relief ace of '59. They are backed up by Johnny Podres, Roger Craig, Johnny Klippstein and perhaps relief ace Clem Labine will come back."

The World Series infield of Gil Hodges at first base; Charlie Neal, probably the best second sacker in the National League, at second base; lead-off whiz Junior Jim Gilliam at third base; and Maury Wills, with Don Zimmer and Bobby Lillis to assist, at shortstop, give the Dodgers a good infield. Then there is the highly promising slugger, Frank Howard, and the versatile Norm Larker, either of whom may spell the veteran Hodges at first base, enabling Gil to play a few games at third base.

Veterans Carl Furillo and Duke Snider are again regular choices for right and center field positions, with Wally Moon in left field. If the grind wears down Furillo and Snider; Don Demeter, Ron Fairly, Rip Repulski, Don Miles, Chuck Essegian and Sandy Amoros are ready to step into right or center fields.

Johnny Roseboro is no Campanella, but does a capable

job as the No. 1 catcher.

Alston's strong bench and bull pen should see his Dodgers through to another flag. Moreover, don't discount that old Dodger spirit that enabled a team, which finished seventh in '58 and was unfamiliar in the Los Angeles Coliseum, to rise to the heights and win in a play-off and World Series in '59.

San Francisco's Giants, piloted by Bill Rigney, appear to be the runners-up. The Giants faded in the last days of the '59 campaign, but the addition of Billy O'Dell, the crack southpaw pitcher from Baltimore in trade for Jackie Brandt, gives the San Francisco entry a stronger pitching staff. O'Dell, Johnny Antonelli, Mike McCormick and Sam Jones will be Rigney's big four starting pitchers. Jones, incidentally, led all National League pitchers last season in the earned run averages with a handsome 2.82. His 21 wins tied the total racked up by Milwaukee's ageless lefty, Warren Spahn. Ramon Monzant, out of baseball in '59, has returned to pitch, too.

Billy Loes, another acquisition from Baltimore, and a very good pitcher when he's in the mood; Stu Miller, Jack Sanford and Worthington make up a strong bull pen group.

In addition to the .317-hitting Orlando Cepeda at first base, Rigney has the Rookie of the Year, sensational Willie McCovey,

who hit .356 in 52 games. McCovey could help the Giants battle the Dodgers into a play-off series.

Rigney has plugged the gap at second base with Don Blasingame from St. Louis, an infielder who can hit as well as field. Davenport, at third base, led all his National League competitors at third base in fielding in 1959. Jose Pagan, a better hitter than Davenport, is available to step in at the hot corner. Bressoud and Rogers will alternate at shortstop.

(Continued on page 52)



Stengel is in unfamiliar spot of chasing instead of leading.



# FLATHEADS OF THE AMAZON

(Continued from page 29)

map of the area around Pucallpa. "Here," he remarked, pointing to a penciled cross on the paper, "is Pucallpa."

I followed his finger as he traced the northward course of the Ucayali River.

"Two days out of here by outboard motor you must leave the river, turn left and follow a secondary stream called the Puno. But be careful," he said as he hurriedly took a swig from his bottle of beer. "This little river, the Puno, is *muy malo*. The banks are narrow and the shallow water is filled with tree trunks and huge stones. But that is nothing," he continued. "Beneath these tree trunks and stones lies sudden death. Thousands of hungry piranhas are there, just waiting for some unfortunate creature to fall into the water. Then you know what happens," he said, his eyes widening in frenzy.

Before I had a chance to tell him I knew all about piranhas and their carnivorous habits, Fernando exclaimed: "In three minutes you are a skeleton! It takes no longer than that for a hundred little piranhas to eat every morsel of flesh from your bones!"

He sat back and surveyed me calmly. This was no time to tell him that for years I had paddled dozens of Indian canoes up and down piranha-infested rivers, that for days at a time on some of my trips into the deep interior I had lived on a diet of these bony little fish whenever no other food was available.

But that was all part of living next to nature. The Amazon is not a place for the amateur, the untried or the fearful.

Now that Fernando had warned me of the horrors of the Puno River, his eyes returned to the map. "One day on this river brings you to a large inland lake. It is called Ymiria. In this lake there are over 1400 kinds of fish, according to Kammalkeiri. But most important," he added, emphasizing his words with his forefinger, "are the Indians who live on its banks. Here, *amiga*, are the Shipibos—the monkey people!"

He dropped his voice as if afraid to speak the words. "I tell you the truth, *senorita*. I have heard that these people have long flat heads and actually speak the language of *los monos*!"

Searching his face, I saw that Fernando meant every word he was saying. Beads of perspiration dotted his forehead, not so much from the heat as from the fright he had built up within himself just talking about these monkey people.

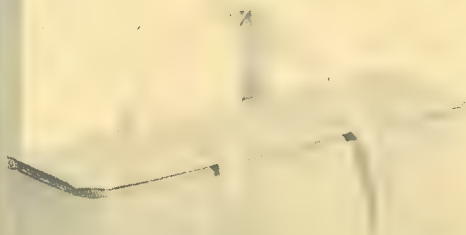
Well, I was a sucker for stories like this. After all, the home of these monkey people was only three or four days away from Pucallpa and, quite frankly, I was bored with living in this shanty town of bamboo huts and foul-smelling dirt streets. I wanted adventure.

Later that afternoon I walked down to the river bank and made arrangements to rent an Indian *canoa* which had been built to hold an outboard motor. The boat



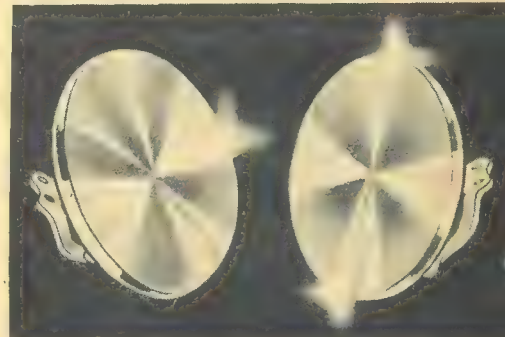
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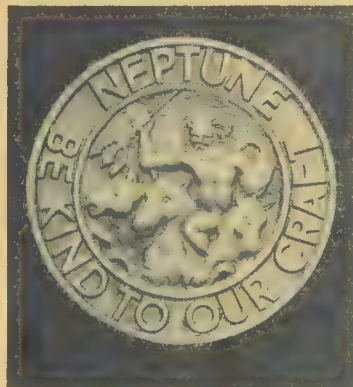




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PROTECT YOUR EYES from the sun with Swank's handsome new Solari folding sun glasses, imported from Italy. Frames are black or brown; lenses green or brown. Glasses come in an attractive leather case, retail for \$3.95 at better department stores everywhere.

was about 30 feet long, hollowed out of a giant tree. There was room enough to carry a couple of drums of gasoline, precious fuel I would need to take me to the monkey people and back again to Pucallpa.

I had planned on making the trip alone, but at the very last moment engaged a young Indian boy by the name of Pepe to come along. Pepe knew how to operate an outboard motor and could help me in many other ways. Besides that, he was well-acquainted with the Ucayali and spoke Quechua, the native Indian language.

Early the next morning I set out with Pepe in the canoe, carrying only such essentials as blankets, mosquito netting, a flashlight and gifts for the Shipibos, including combs, mirrors, ribbons, fishhooks and a half-dozen shiny new machetes. We did not worry about food. There were Indian villages on the way and I had long since become used to such jungle "delicacies" as boiled boa snake, baked alligator tail, fried black beetles and plump grub-worms.

The jungle has often been called a green hell, and to the inexperienced it is just that. During the day it takes on an air of deceptive beauty. Thousands of multicolored birds, gorgeous butterflies and orchids of every hue make it a paradise of unexcelled beauty. But at night nature shows its sinister side. The moaning cry of giant jaguars, the shrill bark of howling monkeys, the discordant bird cries turn the air into a bedlam.

To walk along jungle trails once the sun has set is to invite disaster. Deadly bushmasters, some 10 feet in length, whose bite is fatal within minutes, come out in search of food. Coral snakes, some no longer than a lead pencil, slide softly through the brush. Death waits on every side.

We spaced our travel in short river jumps, taking five days to make the trip, and always making certain that by 4 o'clock each afternoon we were off the river and safe in a village of some friendly tribe. There was a reason for this. In the late afternoon hordes of mosquitoes leave their swampy hiding places in search of food, and more than anything else, they prefer human blood. Little wonder then that all Indians are safely under their mosquito nets by 6 o'clock each night.


Actually there are worse terrors than mosquitoes. With the first shadows of night giant vampire bats descended on the villages and hovered over our nets, trying to find some way of sucking blood, our blood, as we slept. The Indians told me that the bats drew blood from the lower tip of the nostril without ever awakening their victims and left only a telltale trickle of blood under the nose.

Five days after leaving Pucallpa Pepe swung our boat into a dense mass of weeds. Shutting off the motor, we poled the canoe through the sharp saw grass which tore our clothes as we worked our way slowly forward toward Lago Ymiria. And then, quite suddenly, one of the most beautiful natural inland lakes I had ever seen appeared before us. The water was deep and blue, and about a mile across was the rim of the jungle, looking cool and serene in the late afternoon light.

As we approached the shore I saw the  
(Continued on page 46)



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palm-thatched huts of an Indian village and Pepe headed in that direction. This was the home of the Shipibos, the flat-headed Indians who, according to Fernando, my Cholo friend in Pucallpa, talked with the monkeys.

Hearing the approach of our motor, the Indians ran down to the bank to await our arrival. What I saw was unbelievable, yet true. The Shipibos, and especially the children, had elongated flat heads that looked almost as if they had been put through a wringer. I sat there with my mouth open, not daring to believe what my eyes actually saw. It wasn't until Pepe nudged me, telling me in Spanish to look at the women, that I saw another incredible sight. Some of them were standing there holding the hairy paws of huge Amazon monkeys, just as though they were holding the hands of their own children! One woman, a fat full-bosomed creature, was actually nursing a small monkey at her left breast. Other animals, left behind in the village, set up a confused chatter, filling the air with screeches.

Getting out of the boat, Pepe and I immediately distributed our gifts, which brought smiles and giggles from all the women. As we walked slowly up toward the palm-thatched huts I had an opportunity to observe this strange race of Indians. They were small in stature, the men averaging about 5 feet and the women slightly smaller. They had light brown skins, coarse black hair and dark brown eyes. The men wore homespun shirts and trousers which were dyed a solid black. Intricate and colorful designs were interwoven on the backs of their shirts and on either side of their trousers.

The women were much more colorful. Their dresses consisted of a skirt and blouse, both of which were hand-woven from wild jungle cotton and brilliantly dyed. Loose-fitting blouses exposed bare midriffs, and their skirts were as wide as they were long. Draped around the body, they were turned down over the stomach, exposing the navel. The intricate designs which were interwoven throughout the skirt fell into place when the garment was finally adjusted. Like all other Indians, the Shipibos were barefooted, and they painted their faces with a series of delicate red and blue lines. The women's shoulder-length black hair was cut in bangs, which hung low over their foreheads, and crude silver pendants hung from their noses.

Entering one hut, Pepe quickly erected our mosquito nets and hammocks and we were in business.

It took two or three days for the Indians to get used to our living with them, but after that they became friendly, allowing us to eat with them and to hunt and fish with the men of the tribe. Strangely, the many monkeys remained hostile, screaming and chattering from the exposed rafters where they took refuge the moment I came near them. Pepe explained that it was because I was white and smelled differently.

No matter how raucous these little creatures became, just a few words of a strange language, spoken in a high falsetto voice by any of the women, calmed them immediately and for a little while the animals would climb down from the rafters

and join the Indian women and children.

It was nothing to see a monkey snuggling in a woman's arms or romping outside the hut with the children. It was as though they all belonged to the same family. But which family? Human or anthropoid? That was something I could not determine. But the route I followed to Lago Ymiria from Pucallpa is definite and available to all skeptics who would care to verify these facts.

It took several days to learn the secret of how the Shipibos flattened their heads. The process is achieved by using flattened boards made from two rows of small bamboo sticks, much in the manner of a vise, which are applied one row across the forehead and the other on the back of the skull. This strange device is left on during the day and removed only at night.

The Shipibo women told me that the boards are first applied to a child's head within a week after it is born, and the process is continued until the child is 5 or 6 years of age. By that time the skull bones are permanently set and the contour of the head is radically changed.

The reason for this strange practice was even more interesting than the actual physical fact.

Throughout the Greater Amazon Basin savage Indian tribes are known to have many fantastic and unusual religions. Some worship the sun, the moon or stone idols. Several tribes even worship the rare albino anteater. This isn't so unusual when one considers the fact that cats were once sacred to the Egyptians, and even today the people of India worship cows and refuse to kill them under any circumstance.

For hundreds of generations the Shipibos have revered monkeys as supernatural beings, and accordingly did all they could to change their own physical features to closer resemble the adored animal. This they accomplished by elongating their heads. They have continued the horrible practice ever since. According to their belief, this assures the tribe of good hunting and fishing, and even more important, that the women will not give birth to crocodiles, snakes and other feared jungle beasts.

Their resemblance to the ape doesn't end with this cranial deformity. They have a tremendous spread between their big and second toes, something never seen among ordinary tribes. Also, Shipibos use their toes in the same nimble manner with which they use their fingers. Women never stoop to retrieve an object lying on the ground; they simply pick it up with their toes. Indian children can climb trees just as quickly as their furry friends. About the only thing missing in comparison is the tail.

While most other Indian tribes consider monkey meat a basic food, the Shipibos not only refuse to eat them, but under no condition can the animals be put to death. Perhaps the monkeys sense this and feel safe with their human protectors.

Undoubtedly an anthropologist or some other scientific man will someday solve the mystery of this strange affinity between monkey and man, or possibly some linguist will be able to record and decipher the language of the monkeys. But until then we'll just have to keep on wondering—which came first, man or monkey?

THE END



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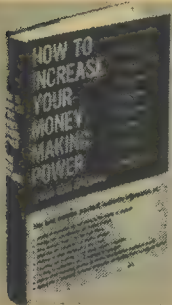
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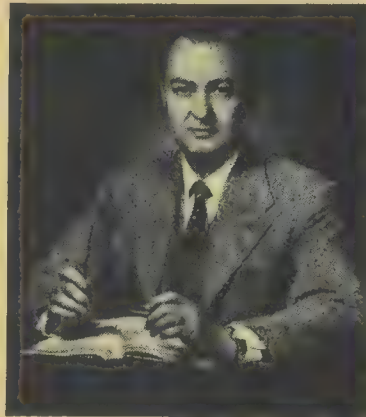
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## OUR MISSILE SABOTAGE

(Continued from page 25)

points of vantage where they could watch the firing of the Vanguard TV-3 rocket from its testing grounds. They were joined by tourists who for weeks had been staying in near-by motels, eating such items as "Missile Barbecue" and watching fishermen come ashore with pieces of metal from rockets in their nets.

The whole world knew the time had arrived for America to launch its first space satellite in a do-or-die attempt to catch up with the Russians, who had already fired two Sputniks into orbit around the earth.

Precisely at 10:40 a.m. a red ball was hoisted over Cape Canaveral, indicating that the blastoff was imminent. At 11:34 the supporting gantry was rolled away, and ten minutes later the count-down began.

T minus 7—minus 6—minus 5—the numbers reeled off in breath-taking seconds as they were flashed in digits on the screen inside the blockhouse, where the missile men, excited and tense, kept their eyes glued to the dials, their fingers on the buttons and knobs. Some of them, through their periscopes, could see the first traces of white-hot exhaust appear at the base of the rocket as it stood on the pad 750 feet away, pointing its needle nose to the sky.

T minus 4—minus 3—minus 2—one—T zero!

For about two seconds the Vanguard faithfully followed its prescribed schedule. It rose, ponderously, from the pad—one foot, two feet, three feet—and then seemed to stand still, suspended in midair. From beneath the rocket spurted a tongue of orange flame. Then the rocket keeled over and exploded into a fireball 150 feet high.

A science professor at Ohio University called it "the worst news for the United States since Custer's last stand." Throughout the world wisecrackers had a field day with such words as, "the flopnik" and "the goofnik."

If by this time the security officials in Washington suspected the missile program was the target of saboteurs, they kept the information very much to themselves. Possibly because there was nothing to prove, or because to yell sabotage would sound like sour grapes.

Still, only a few months before the Vanguard sputtered its dying gasp at Canaveral, defense officials knew that a fleet of Russian submarines was operating off the Bahama Islands for the purpose of spying on and sabotaging the development of guided missiles on the near-by Florida coast. The Soviet undersea fleet, which numbers at least 450 vessels throughout the world, was reported to be using radar jamming equipment and radio signals to destroy the rockets, either while they were rising from the pads or while they were in full flight over the Atlantic.

The persistent reports of Soviet sabotage arose again in February of 1958 when the U.S. Navy announced that it was sending a destroyer escort squadron to sea from Newport, Rhode Island, under special orders to investigate "unidentified contacts" in the Western Atlantic. Coupled with these developments came word from Florida that a Navy P2V Neptune bomber had sighted five foreign submarines during joint maneuvers in the Atlantic by American and Canadian vessels. The naval plane's crew said it could clearly see the hammer and sickle displayed on the undersea craft. These disclosures left little doubt that Russian subs, lurking off the Florida coast, might be blasting the U.S. missile program to smithereens.

At the same time, the menace of sabotage was bringing havoc to other parts of the nation. In the spring of 1958 ten servicemen and civilian workers were burned to death in the explosion of eight Nike-Ajax missiles at Leonardo, New Jersey, only 45 miles from New York City. The 21-foot TNT and shrapnel projectiles were supposed to be accident-proof, and the Army said they were no more dangerous to the thickly-populated neighborhood than an ordinary gas station. But one day while the men were busily engaged in adjusting the missiles, the entire battery exploded in flames, spreading death and destruction over a three-mile area. The cause was listed as unknown.

One reason a rocket is easy to sabotage lies in the complex mechanism which has a total of 300,000 parts, any one of which might cause a misfire. And the possibility of saboteurs working on the missiles becomes even more alarming in view of the fact that security regulations are difficult to enforce in private industry, where a great many American missiles are manufactured.

Even while the government tries to pick up the pieces of its space program, the mysterious wrecking crews continue to operate on an ever-widening front. Only a few weeks ago the Navy disclosed that, for the second time in three months, sabotage had occurred on board a nuclear-powered ship.

First, the famed atomic-powered submarine *Nautilus* was given a complete overhauling after sustaining what the Navy called "apparently intentional damage." And then, at Quincy, Mass., three anti-mine cables aboard the 300-million-dollar guided missile cruiser *Long Branch* were found sawed almost in half.

Convinced now that saboteurs were boring at will into the nation's rocket program, a team of twelve FBI men joined Naval Intelligence in a search for the saboteurs. But once again the wreckers left no tracks, and vanished.

There is a bright side, however, to the picture because eight American satellites have been put into orbit. But this is a small return from a program that is expected to cost at least 32 billion dollars by the middle of 1960.

For the past fifteen years America has fired countless numbers of missiles, ranging from ballistic rockets to huge booster engines for sending space vehicles aloft. But the Russians are still far ahead in all departments. This, in spite of the fact that



more than a century ago the U.S. Army organized its first rocket battery—fifteen years before the Civil War, in 1846.

Only last December the failure of the biggest rocket America has ever launched, a three-stage Atlas-Able, gave Program Director Adolph L. Thiel a chance to sum up the situation. Glaring through the darkness at Cape Canaveral as a flame-colored chunk of missile fell into the Atlantic, Thiel was red-eyed and weary as he told newsmen the unhappy news: "We didn't make it. Something happened. We don't know what."

That, however, is not the view shared by Dr. Stanley P. Gunning of New York, a university scientist and rocket expert who says that Red sabotage is the reason America is running a poor second in the race for space. What's more, Dr. Gunning says our security officials are fully aware of the espionage network and its operations.

"There is no reason," says Dr. Gunning, "why American-made rockets and missiles should not be the very best in the world. Americans, through the years, have invented automobiles, airplanes, radar, television and countless other scientific marvels, all of which not only worked but also set standards of performance for all the world to follow. Never in our history have we experienced so many failures in one field of endeavor as we have with rockets and missiles. We don't believe we're violating any security regulations by laying the entire blame to sabotage!"

(Editors' Note: Following is a chronological list of the missiles, satellites and rockets which failed to perform:

February 21, 1957 . . . A radio-controlled Matador missile ran away from the Air Force at Alamogordo, New Mexico and went on a wild, uncontrolled 90-minute flight of up to 700 miles before it ran out of fuel and crashed. The missile came to earth in southwest Wyoming after outdistancing two pursuing jet planes which tried to destroy it.

March 1, 1957 . . . A Defense Department spokesman in Washington said that

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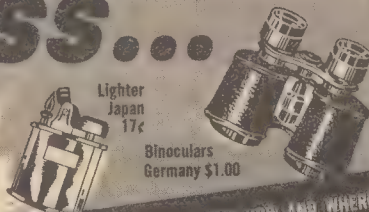
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"something went wrong" when a guided missile was fired in a test at Patrick Air Force Base in Florida. There were reports that a red flash was seen at the testing grounds.

May 22, 1957 . . . A guided missile exploded on its firing pad at the Florida testing ground, creating a huge ball of fire that could be seen for miles around.

June 11, 1957 . . . The mighty intercontinental Atlas, star of the Air Force guided missile program, exploded soon after it was blasted off from a launching pad at Cape Canaveral.

December 6, 1957 . . . The first U.S.

attempt to send a space satellite aloft failed when the Navy's Vanguard rocket, which was to carry a baby moon into space, exploded and burned two seconds after it was launched.

December 18, 1957 . . . The Army's intermediate range Jupiter missile failed to complete its flight after an otherwise successful launching. The Defense Department said technical difficulties caused the failure.

February 28, 1958 . . . The Air Force launched a 1,500-mile Thor ballistic missile from Florida, but refused to say  
(Continued on page 50)



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whether its nose cone was recovered successfully or how far the Thor traveled before falling back to earth.

March 5, 1958... The Army launched its Explorer II satellite at Cape Canaveral and announced the next day that it had failed to go into orbit, and had probably plunged back into the earth's atmosphere and burned.

April 28, 1958... The Navy suffered another disappointment when a Vanguard satellite failed to orbit because the third-stage rocket did not fire.

May 28, 1958... Another Vanguard satellite, launched by the Navy, was pronounced unsuccessful because the vehicle failed to go into orbit normally.

July 10, 1958... The Air Force hinted a failure today in the firing of a Thor-Able rocket bearing a mouse in its nose cone.

August 17, 1958... A Thor-Able moon rocket blew up in the Florida skies at 8:19 a.m. only 77 seconds after it had been launched to a height of ten miles above the Atlantic.

August 24, 1958... The Army launched its Explorer V satellite, weighing 37.52 pounds, but it failed to go into orbit.

August 31, 1958... A Snark intercontinental guided missile turned around when troubles developed during flight and crashed off Cape Canaveral, seven hours after being fired aloft.

September 26, 1958... The seventh Vanguard satellite launched by the Navy failed to achieve an orbit around the earth. It was the Navy's sixth failure in seven tries.

October 11, 1958... The second attempt by the U.S. to fire a rocket to the moon failed when the Air Force launched a space satellite called the Pioneer, which climbed about one-third of the distance toward the moon before plunging back to earth.

November 8, 1958... The U.S. counted its third unsuccessful attempt to probe the moon when a four-stage rocket went out of commission after climbing to about 1,000 miles above the earth.

December 8, 1958... The Army, for the first time, tried to send a rocket to the moon, but the attempt ended in failure.

August 14, 1959... A Titan intercontinental ballistic missile fell back on its launching pad and exploded at Cape Canaveral only two seconds after the blastoff.

September 22, 1959... A Jupiter rocket blew apart today shortly after it was launched from Cape Canaveral.

September 24, 1959... A Thor-Able satellite failed to go into orbit after being successfully fired from the Florida testing grounds.

December 3, 1959... The biggest rocket the U.S. had ever launched—a three-stage Atlas-Able—was fired toward the moon, but an hour later it was announced that the rocket had failed.

February 19, 1960... The Discoverer X satellite was destroyed seconds after being launched, when it veered from its course. The 7-story-high satellite roared straight from its launching pad for about 30 seconds, then appeared to be turning back. Newsmen ran for cover. THE END

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(Continued from page 43)

Kirkland and the marvelous Willie Mays are starting outfielders, with Alou, Cepeda or McCovey (depending on who ends up playing first) available to fill in at the other outfield post.

Landrith will be the first-string receiver, with a rookie catcher to be selected as his substitute.

If O'Dell and the hitting potential both come through, the Giants are a good long shot bet to take it all.

Milwaukee's brand-new manager, Chuck Dressen, predicts that his youngsters will help his veterans win the National League flag. "We lost in the play-off last year. It's obvious that it wouldn't take too much improvement to win," says Dressen.

Even so, it says here that Milwaukee will take third place.

Lew Burdette and Warren Spahn, veterans, will be aided in the starting mound assignments by Jay, Willey and the southpaw Pizzaro. The bull pen will be inhabited by Bob Buhl, Bob Rush and Don McMahon.

This pitching staff looks good on paper, but it's a bit threadbare in spots.

Joe Adcock is again the regular first baseman. Frank Torre, who fell off in his hitting last season, will be Joe's alternate.

Mel Roach is expected to play second base, but if he fails to measure up to expectations, Chuck Cottier and the veteran Red Schoendienst are expected to fill in for him. Of course, Ed Matthews, who hit 46 home runs to lead the National League in 1959, is a fixture at third base. Dependable Johnny Logan is the Braves' shortstop.

Dressen expects much in the way of heavy hitting from Wes Covington. Covington; Hank Aaron, the National League batting champion; and Billy Bruton complete the regular outfield trio. Al Spangler is the substitute picket man.

Del Crandall, one of the better all-around catchers, is the first-string maskman. He will be assisted by Charlie Lau.

Cincinnati's Reds, managed by Freddie Hutchinson, have a new starting pitcher in Cal McLish, who won 19 games for Cleveland last year. He came to Cincy in trade for Johnny Temple, now the Indians' second baseman. On paper McLish, a slow starter, should be good for 15 wins after he gets to know the weaknesses of the National League batters.

Other Red pitchers are Don Newcombe, Nuxhall, Purkey, Brosnan, Lawrence, O'Toole and Hook. In addition, the crack reliever, Lefty Henry, obtained from the Chicago Cubs, is the bull pen ace. Several rookie hurlers will be tried out.

If Gordon Coleman, the rookie acquired from Cleveland in the Temple-McLish-Martin trade, makes the grade at first base, Frank Robinson, a .311 hitter, will return to the outfield. Billy Martin, the former

Cleveland pepper pot, is at second base. Willie Jones and Eddie Kasko will play third base. The ever-reliable McMillan is at shortstop.

Vida Pinson, last year's sensation, Gus Bell and Robinson, along with Jerry Lynch and Lee Walls, obtained from Chicago for Frank Thomas, are the outfielders. Ed Bailey, a hard-hitting receiver, Dotterer and House, from Kansas City, comprise the catching staff.

Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia should finish in that order in the second division.

The Chicago White Sox will win the American League flag after a bitter fight with Cleveland and New York.

"We shall win again and also win in the 1960 World Series," says Al Lopez, Chicago's pilot.

"Our team drove in only 620 runs in winning the pennant last year," observes Al. "By adding Minnie Minoso to our outfield and Gene Freese at third base we have gained two men who hit a total of 44 home runs and 162 runs in 1959. Those extra runs batted in will lessen our need to win by one-run decisions, and we will not have to call on our bull pen so often."

Early Winn, a 22-game victor in '59, should be good for at least 18 wins. Bob Shaw, Billy Pierce, Dick Donovan, Barry Lattman, Frank Baumann, Don Ferrarese, Striker and Garcia are the other starting pitchers. Lopez also has the bull pen artists, Staley and Lown.

Kluzewski, Fox, Freese and Aparicio comprise one of the top infields in baseball. The outfield of Smith, Landis and Minoso, plus Jim McAnany and Jim Rivera is a combination of speed and some power. Billy Goodman and Sam Esposito are very handy utility men, too. Sherm Lollar, a good hitting veteran, is the first-string Chicago receiver.

Joe Gordon's Cleveland Indians are picked for second place. He has tightened up his infield with the inclusion of Johnny Temple, from Cincinnati, at second base. Vic Power, a fine glove man and a sharp hitter, will be anchored at first, instead of playing all around the infield. Bubba Phillips, from Chicago, and George Strickland will divide the third base assignment. Woody Held is again the shortstop.

Rocky Colavito, who tied Washington's Harmon Killebrew with 42 home runs to lead the junior circuit in '59, will play right field. Jim Piersall or Carroll Hardy will be in center. Tito Francona, who had a big year at bat in '59, will play left field. Russ Nixon and John Romano, a good young hitter secured from the White Sox, will catch.

While the Indians will miss McLish and his ability to beat the New York Yankees, Gary Bell, Jim Perry and "Mudcat" Grant are top-notch starting pitchers. Herb Score may have a better year than he did in '59. Leo Kiely, the former Boston Red Sox southpaw, should prove to be a big help in relief. Other bull pen pitchers are Harshman and Cicotte.

A physically sound Moose Skowron (he played in only 74 games last year) at first base should help Casey Stengel's New York Yankees to finish third again. Kent Hadley, a left-handed first baseman from Kansas City, will be Skowron's substitute.

Bobby Richardson, the outstanding young Yankee of '59, will play second base. Gil McDougald, if not traded for Washington's pitchers Ramos or Pascual, will be at third base. Tony Kubek will be the shortstop. Joe De Maestri, another ex-Kansas City player, Andy Carey and Cletus Boyer are the extra infielders.

Roger Maris, the Kansas City outfielder of '59 and a potentially great star, will most likely be in right, but will get a test in the tough stadium left field. Mickey Mantle will be in center field. The other birth is up for grabs among Hector Lopez, rookie Ken Hunt and possibly Elston Howard, when he isn't catching.

Although he's slowing up, Yogi Berra, still a long ball hitter, is the Yankees' No. 1 catcher, backed by John Blanchard.

Whitey Ford, Art Ditmar, Bob Turley, Jim Coates, Ralph Terry and possibly Duke Maas and Eli Grba, are the starting Yankee pitchers. Relief ace, Ryne Duren, his wrist healed, says he's in as good condition as he was two years ago. Johnny James, from Richmond, may be added to the staff as a starting pitcher. Rookie flingers Stowe, Haney, Dick Short and Carpin may be seen at Yankee Stadium before the season ends.

Detroit's Tigers are slated to finish fourth.

Jimmy Dykes, the round-man manager of the Bengals, took over the managerial reins in '59 after the Tigers had taken a dive toward the cellar under his predecessor, Bill Norman. This season Dykes starts the campaign under no such handicap. He may get a first baseman to replace Gail Harris before the June trading season deadline, but Frank Bolling, at second base, and Eddie Yost, at third, seem set to play the season through. Rocky Bridges, Chico Fernandez and Coot Veal will share the work at shortstop.

Harvey Kuenn, the American League's batting champion in '59 with an average of .353, will play right field. Al Kaline, who hit a hefty .327, will be in center field, and Charlie Maxwell, who made a specialty of hitting home runs in clusters in single games as well as double-headers on Sundays, will play left field. Steve Boros, George Thomas, Em Lindbeck and Andy Kosko will be given trials as picket men, and one of them may be retained. Red Wilson and Lou Berberet are the catchers.

The pitching staff will be headed by Frank Lary, who has won a reputation for beating the Yankees; southpaw Don Mossi, who jumped from a bull pen role into the limelight as one of the better starting pitchers in '59; Jim Bunning, Paul Foytack, Dave Sisler, Tom Morgan, Davie, Burnside and Narleski in the bull pen.

Dykes plans to keep one or more rookie pitching hopefuls from among Semproch, Carey, Grzenda, Reed and Regan.

In the second division of the American League the finish should see Baltimore, followed by Washington, Kansas City and—in the cellar—Boston.

From here at Sir!'s hot-stove league bench, it looks like a rough, tough 3-team fight in both leagues, with the likelihood of a repeat performance of the '59 series between the L.A. Dodgers and the Chisox.

THE END



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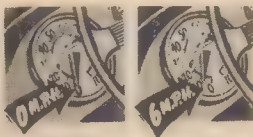
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the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next, take a spark plug wrench (you can procure one of these tools anywhere) and remove your spark plugs. Just screw the injectors right into the spark plug openings. Then... no matter what kind of gas you have been using — fill your tank with the poorest regular gas you can buy. That's all you have to do to see the most amazing results you can imagine!

### CHECK YOUR RESULTS CAREFULLY

If you have automatic transmission — now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will move forward

at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you!

If you have a racing car, sports car or a boat, your RPMs will increase up to 200 more at idling — up to 300 more at higher speeds. If you have regular transmission, in low gear and with your motor idling your car will move forward 4 to 6 miles per hour faster. In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you install SA FIRE INJECTORS in your car!

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Wire electrode burns away  
Carbon ruins firing tip  
Needs cleaning and setting  
Needs periodic replacing  
Needs premium gas  
Must have exact heat range  
Spark blows out under pressure



#### FIRE INJECTOR

NO air gap required  
NO wire electrode  
NO tip deterioration  
NO cleaning or setting ever  
NO replacing  
NO premium gas needed  
NO heat range  
NO blowing out even at highest compressions

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YEAR.....  
MAKE.....  
# CYS.....  
MODEL.....

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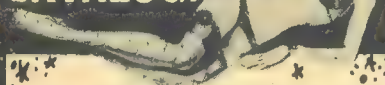
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## "GIVE US LOVE PILLS!"

(Continued from page 8)

weapon in my belt and lit my last cigarette. Braun's temper flared.

"So, Herr High-and-Mighty, you still do not like us Nazis! You believe in the sloppy slogans of democracy about a free world and other nonsense, *nicht wahr?*"

I replied: "You stink, Braun. Wake up, it's later than you realize. This is 1957, not 1942. Your *fuehrer* has been dead a long time. You supermen are kaput."

For a moment I thought he would jump me. Hatred glowed in his sunken blue eyes. But I was ready for Braun. It would be fitting to kill the man with his own Nazi trophy, the *Blut und Ehre* (Blood and Honor) knife which a pharmacy class had given him years before.

But I had no time to savor the thought of his death. From outside our hut came a low, doleful cry full of menace, a chorus of male voices which throbbed and rose in intensity until it agitated every fiber in my body.

A pack of wolves baying at the moon might make such a noise. But this massed sound came from the throats of men waiting to kill us. And I can't say that I blamed them.

The bitterness in my heart was like bile. Braun had brought this peril to us despite my warnings.

"To hell with you and your Nazi talk," I said. "If I had any sense I would never have come to Bamenda with you. Your kind ruined Europe, disgraced Germany, made everything that was decent look dirty. On this island the Chaggas don't regard you as a superman any longer, Gunther."

But Dr. Gunther Helmut Braun, toxicologist, pharmacologist and drug researcher from Gottingen, wasn't listening to my taunts.

Though he was a quivering wreck who could barely hold the revolver, he popped a pill—probably his last one—into his mouth and closed his eyes, giving the drug time to work. Within minutes there was a new brightness in his face and his breathing became labored and eager.

He made a gesture toward Tamapwa, the wife of T'moni, who was lying on a straw mat in a corner of the room. I glanced at her. She was good to look at, even now. The young wife and mother moaned in her extreme need of Braun's ministrations and literally groveled before him.

Her urgent dope-induced, abnormal sexual wants, expressed in her whining and convulsive movements, affected me strangely. I put out my hand and touched the girl's triangular ivory face which was framed by long black hair reaching to her bare shoulders. But she ignored my touch and kept her glassy gaze fixed on Braun. To her I might never have existed.

Despite the fact that other girls of Bamenda had found me not unpleasing, Tamapwa's indifference hurt. Braun was

twelve years my senior and fat and flaccid, to boot. Nevertheless, he had an amazing appeal for the young woman, thanks to his Nazi pills which had made her an addict.

"One more of the love pills, please, *bwana Braun!*" she begged in the Chagga dialect. "Let us be together in love again and forget the men outside who hate you. The pill, please, I must have one quickly! Give it, *bwana!*" the addict cried.

It was enough to make a man retch, this pleading for still more love-making. But Gunther looked from me to the girl and I knew he was lost. In a daze, oblivious of our danger, he took one last pill which he had secreted in his bush jacket and handed it to her, saying thickly to me: "Take the revolver, too, Werner. You are on your own now. I must stay with Tamapwa, she needs me. And may the devil help me, I need her. You see, I have become an addict too!"

IN 1939 when Hitler's panzers rolled over Poland and touched off World War II, I was just 15 years old and lived with my mother and sister in Berlin, Germany. There I was a second-year student in the *gymnasium*, or high school, majoring in Latin and English. I had already decided to make language research my life's work.

My father, who had been outspokenly anti-Nazi in his lectures at the University of Berlin, was seized and sent to Oranienburg Concentration Camp. Three months after his arrest we learned that he had been shot, allegedly while trying to escape.

Soon afterward the deceptive "phony war" began in Europe. Since flight was still possible for a few, my mother, sister and I fled Germany and slipped over the border to Holland, and from there to Stockholm, where we lived with an uncle who had left Germany on the eve of Hitler's seizure of power.

I was 22 years old when the war ended, already a fine linguist and eager to begin my studies at the University of Gottingen's language department. And so I returned to Germany, where diehard Nazi groups were still smarting under the Allied defeat.

It was at Gottingen that I met Gunther Braun, a full professor in the College of Pharmacy, who resided in the same rooming house I did. For a decade we were colleagues, though not close friends.

Braun was 45 years old that year—1957—when I finally became an associate professor in my department. He was a stocky man with a florid face and somewhat coarse good looks, whose wide mouth became even wider whenever he saw an attractive girl on the street or on the campus. He was good company, a fine storyteller, a first-rate scholar, and, so far as I knew, he had been a Nazi in name only.

"Believe me, gentlemen," he had pleaded before an Allied tribunal, "my swastika pin meant absolutely nothing. I loathed it. But I was a scholar, *nein?* To keep my teaching post in wartime I had to say I was a Nazi. But that was a mistake, and I realize a man must stand up for what he believes is right."

Braun must have made a splendid im-



pression on the American and British officers on the hearing board for he was given a clean bill of health and received a promotion at the university.

In the spring of '57 he told me of an offer from the Muller-Semmelweiss Drug Co. in Hamburg, who wanted him to go to Africa for pharmaceutical research in native remedies and herbs. To my delight, he invited me to go along. A modest inheritance from my uncle, who had died the previous fall, provided enough money for steamer passage, a tape recorder and some books I wanted.

"We will make quite a team, Werner," he said with enthusiasm. "I with my drug research and you with your tape recorder and notes on the Chagga dialects. A pair of true scholars. But we may have time for a little pleasure with the girls now and then, no?"

I told him I was not averse to girls, as long as they didn't get in the way of our scholarly pursuits.

When we were four days out at sea a news report on the ship's short-wave receiver said that a German schoolgirl in Frankfurt had committed suicide by blowing her head off with a stick of dynamite held between her teeth.

"Fraulein Helene Stauffer, who had just turned 17, was four months pregnant, according to the coroner," the newscaster said. "She left a note in which she alleged that the father of her unborn child was Dr. Gunther Braun, a prominent Gottingen professor now on leave to do drug research in Africa.

"The dead girl wrote: 'It was those terrible exciting pills that Gunther gave me which changed my life. I had respected him as a man and a teacher. Now I know that he is as bad as any person who ever did wrong in this world.'

Knowing I was his cabin mate, the other passengers gave me the cold shoulder after they heard this report. I was stunned and returned to our cabin, where I found Gunther busily engaged in weighing some white powders on a small but extremely accurate pharmaceutical scale. Brusquely I told him the substance of the radio news flash. He listened gravely and then turned toward me and smiled pit-

"Ach, Werner, you are a naive youth to believe such mischievous reports. It is true that I knew the Stauffer girl. She was old beyond her years, a vicious little slut who tried to blackmail me after we were intimate at an amusement park. But I know at least three other faculty members who had slept with Helene. It is unfortunate that she chose to besmirch my name before she blew her silly head off with explosives."

I felt somewhat relieved, for I could understand a man's need of a woman and how a girl like Helene Stauffer, out to prey on males in the bitterly competitive Germany of the postwar era, might have tried to extort money from my friend.

Still, it was a horrible way for any girl, regardless of her morals, to die. She must have been consumed by guilt and hatred of men. Poor Gunther, to get mixed up with such a pathetic trollop.

We were on the Mediterranean and nearing Alexandria, Egypt, when Capt.

(Continued on page 56)



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Pierre Treyner summoned Gunther Braun and me to his cabin. With the stern-faced captain was a pert French maid from our deck who was weeping copiously.

I briefly noted the fine swell of her breasts, her heart-shaped face, her lovely liquid eyes and remarkable legs.

"Dr. Braun, I will get to the point," the skipper said stiffly. "Mademoiselle Villeget here tells me that you persuaded her to swallow certain powders when she was making the beds in your cabin two days ago. Since then she has been in a very—er, shall I say—puzzling and distressing condition. We have had some astounding complaints about her from other male passengers. Just what drugs are used in that powder, Doctor?"

Without batting an eye Braun said earnestly:

"I am amazed and saddened, Capt. Treyner. The girl said she had a headache; I mixed her a headache powder, that was all. True, she is something of a minx and perhaps we kissed, but I think that hardly calls for this kind of interrogation. I resent it, sir, and my company shall hear of this."

IT WAS a fine show of indignation and again I almost believed Gunther Braun, for his ire was convincing. But at this moment the little French maid began to demonstrate some amazing physical symptoms. Sidling close to Gunther and obviously under the influence of drugs, she murmured proposals too shocking to put in print.

Her breath came in gasps, as if she were in the grip of fearful emotion. Quickly she inserted her hand in Braun's vest pocket and withdrew a small gold box, taking two pills from it. She popped them into her mouth before the skipper, the first officer or I could stop her.

Now began a dreadful, nightmarish scene. I have witnessed orgies in Stockholm, a city of casual women; unspeakable shows in Amsterdam. And I have delved into the works of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis and other illustrious sex researchers. But never did I think it possible for a young woman to be so completely doped and in the grip of excitement so great that she would have killed or maimed any person who stood in her way.

At last the captain spoke hollowly. "Dr. Braun, this girl is in a terrible condition. It seems, sir, that you got her into this state. Now, as a doctor, you have a responsibility to quiet her."

Braun's reply was indistinct; he was trembling. "Ja, Captain, I shall help the young woman. It is my duty."

The officers couldn't conceal their disgust, and the captain added curtly: "One more thing, Doctor. You will confine yourself to your own cabin until this voyage is ended. I want no further scandal aboard ship. At first I didn't believe the wireless report about that unfortunate German girl. Now I can believe anything of you, sir. Good day."

We filed out of the cabin, which had a leather sofa behind the captain's desk. Like the captain, I was disgusted and appalled. But I was Braun's friend and colleague; I had to stick by him. In my innocence I told myself: "Maybe he will

change. Perhaps on this long trip I can make him into a decent human being."

I was still holding this vision of reforming Braun when a serious of cries from the tormented girl filtered through the door of the captain's cabin. And then quiet.

The skipper stared at me in awe. I returned his gaze with an unspoken question on my own features.

Just what in the hell was in those pills which Braun had given to the dead German girl, and now to the frantic chambermaid?

WE arrived at Berbera, Somaliland on August 4, 1957 and immediately made arrangements with a Portuguese trading schooner to take us to the island of Bamenda, where we would conduct our respective studies.

The island's people, the Chaggas, were a rather fair-skinned, tall race who were reputed to be the users of many rare herbs and potions derived from animals and reptiles. Some of these, Braun's employers believed, might have distinct possibilities for commercial manufacture in Europe.

As for myself, I was thrilled at the chance to tape-record the liquid, slurring Chagga dialect, about which little is known. I could see myself receiving a top teaching post as a reward for the studies of the Chagga syntax and vocabulary which I would bring back to Europe.

We arrived at Bamenda on the afternoon of August 7, after a somewhat harrowing eight-hour sea trip from the mainland. High seas had almost swamped our small craft on several occasions.

On the 20-mile-long island we found a collection of huts on stilts, stockades for cattle, and unclad but curious and hospitable people who possessed a grace and beauty unknown to the tribes of the Continent itself.

My first twinge of uneasiness came when I encountered a delegation of bare-bosomed Chagga girls who came to greet us. These were not primitive, thick-lipped aborigines! They were magnificent physical specimens, more on the order of Melanesians or Polynesians; golden-skinned, laughing women who were utterly unconscious of their exposed breasts, their splendid legs and generous lips which could make a man forget drugs, tape recorders, and everything else but love.

"Gunther," I said sharply, "perhaps we made a mistake coming here. Please, no more of those pills or stimulants you play around with. I'd like to stay here and do my work. Don't do what you did with those other girls. Please."

He assumed an injured air which didn't fool me this time. "I intend to study herbs and potions, Werner, not women! You do me an injustice. But why are you worried about these primitives? Really, they are subhumans. What harm would a little experimentation do?"

So, they were subhuman—a typically Nazi word. "You sound like one of Hitler's racial experts, Gunther. Such talk makes me ill."

He realized he had committed a tactical error, so he gave me one of his prized Dutch cheroots and said affably: "Ach,

you are so sensitive, so democratic. I detest Nazism as much as you do, Werner. But really, can you say that these people are civilized or have the standards Europeans do?"

He had a point. True, the Chaggas were child-like, innocent and unhampered by conventions. I was always surprised and discomfited by the innocent and open love play you saw between engaged and married couples.

Here, in fifty or so cupola-shaped houses roofed with large palmetto leaves, lived the descendants of a once-proud tribe of warriors and conquerors. The mainland tribes had feared them a century ago. Now the Chagga men were indolent but amiable, taking a keen interest in Braun's scales, vials, bottles, pumps, syringes and other apparatus.

They were also intrigued by my tape recorder and spent hour after hour hunkered down on their haunches, listening fearfully to their own voices and songs played back on my machine.

Bamenda was a linguist's paradise. I filled sixteen recording spools and thirty notebooks with examples of the Chagga dialect. And I hoped that Braun would settle down and confine himself to his own scientific studies, as his employers expected of him.

But he soon forgot all thought of duty once we were in our thatched house and accepted by the Chaggas as their friends. "I am trying to perfect an even greater potion, one which will stimulate men and women to live more fully even in their 70's and 80's," he told me.

"From what I have observed here, I may be on the threshold of just such a discovery. The plants and insects these fools use as medicines may have an unusual property, that of stimulating desire and strength to undreamed-of proportions."

Day after day he labored, a red-faced, intent man in a white smock, stirring, sniffing and making notes on his concoctions. A steady stream of native women came to our quarters.

"My devoted guinea pigs!" he said with a smirk.

One night he accidentally swallowed a carefully-measured gram of a peculiar purple powder. I heard him groaning and cursing and hitting his hand on the wood table. Then he put on his slippers and padded away in the direction of the hut occupied by S'antha, a comely widow who was one of his "volunteers." He returned at dawn, utterly drained of energy.

One day a young bronzed Chagga man, T'moni, came to me and said coldly: "Your friend the *bwana* Braun has a *mirimiri*, an evil demon, that gets into our women. My wife Tamapwa has the demon in her. You must tell him to call off the *mirimiri*."

When I remonstrated with Gunther he snorted in derision. "For any Nordic male with real blood in his veins, this place is unique, Werner. What a natural laboratory for the study of elemental sex! But you're too busy with your tape recorder to see all this!"

I must write this about him: he was an expert pharmacologist, as only a trained German can be. He cured some

(Continued on page 58)



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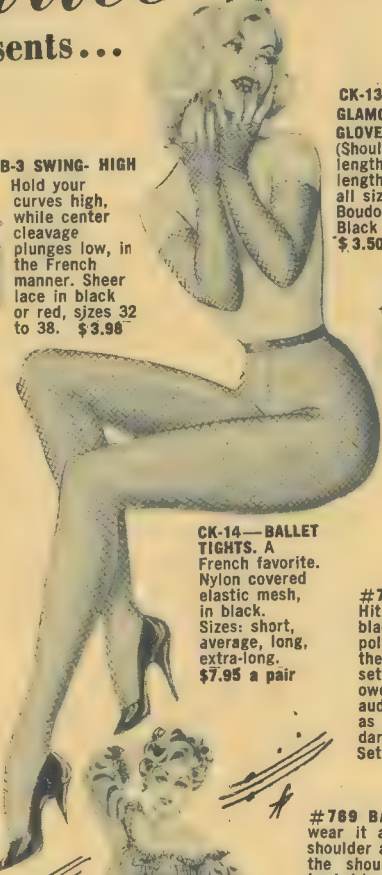


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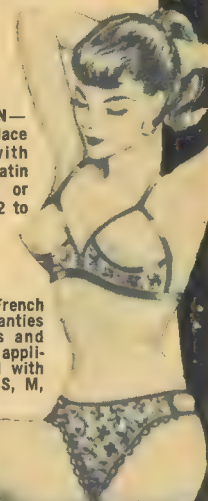
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of the children of yaws. For M'acella, a bowlegged, cheery fellow who'd had VD for years, Braun prepared injections which banished the ugly venereal symptoms within five days. He supplied me with powders for my own migraine attacks.

I DIDN'T realize how widespread on Bamenda was the use of his pills. I became aware of the situation in a disturbing manner one morning. Plodding along the beach in search of an old Chagga fisherman who had promised to demonstrate the homophones and glottals of his dialect, I was accosted by two pretty girls who motioned for me to come into the forest with them. Surprised but willing, I followed.

They showed me several of the now-empty glassine envelopes in which Gunther packaged his stimulants. Without further ado the girls—one was 16, the other about 18—tore off my shirt and literally attacked me.

At first I found the experience pleasant enough, though I feared that the girls would damage my tape recorder. Later, when I was bone-weary and beginning to really fear them, they grew insistent and even threatening.

They gouged at my face and eyes with their fingernails. My naked chest and back were crisscrossed with the long nail scratches left by this frustrated pair.

Always fleet of foot, I outran the screaming girls and raced back to our hut, where Braun was busy with his vials and drugs as usual.

"You must stop your damned experiments at once, Gunther! Look at me, I'm a bloody mess. Two girls almost killed me with their attentions. You'll turn them into the worst kind of nymphomaniacs."

He merely laughed happily and puffed on his Dutch cheroot.

For some weeks Gunther succeeded in withholding his potions from the men of Bamenda. "They are lazy, racial inferiors," he said, revealing again his Nazi arrogance and training. "Such pleasures are much too good for them."

However, a young unmarried Chagga male, Tatoru, who bore numerous manhood rite scars on his chest, stole into our hut one day when Braun and I were swimming. Tatoru was curious about the white and yellow and purple powders which his girl friend had swallowed, with surprising consequences for the sturdy, handsome youth.

The boy took fifteen packets of the powders and traded them to his friends for cowrie shells, which are the currency of this race. There was real hell to pay in the next forty-eight hours. I must pass over some of the more appalling details of the games which went on day and night, following Tatoru's distribution of the powders to the Chagga men.

Livid with rage at the theft, Braun pistol-whipped the thief, but the damage was done. Gunther Braun's anger and punishment had no effect on the Chagga addicts. They pestered us every hour, chanting: "Give us more love pills, *bwana* Braun!"

One day Gunther Braun, looking haggard, spoke to me after lunch. He pointed to a row of empty vials and almost-ex-

hausted beakers and boxes.

"I've been an idiot, Werner. I used too much of the powders and have no more supplies. That fellow Tatoru played havoc with my stock of chemicals. The stuff, I confess, is habit-forming. As a matter of fact, all the Chaggas have become addicts. They crave the stimulation afforded by the pills, but I can't supply them any longer. I have just a little left for my own needs. Unfortunately I have also become an addict."

I was angry. My own work on the island's language had suffered badly while this fool was ruining the morale of my volunteers.

"You and your damned fooling with nature! Why can't you grow old gracefully like normal men do? Can't you concoct a new supply, now that you've made addicts of these poor people? And maybe cure them?"

He shook his head. "It would do no good. My powders would have no effect now. The sweet oils and mixtures I would have to import from Germany. It would take months to get these items. Ah, if only I were back in Germany while the *Feuhrer* was alive and I could experiment all I wished!"

Now I knew for sure Gunther had been a Nazi, but it was too late to do anything about it.

From then on we were in mounting trouble. The Chaggas gave us no peace, demanding the powders as their due and threatening us with rather nasty punishment if Braun refused their pleas.

There were several slayings and one especially brutal voodoo offering of a virgin during a frenzied ceremonial dance. I hurried my recording sessions, hoping to leave the island before things got really bad.

ONE tribal leader named N'guma, who was a *shenzi* or miracle man, writhed with envy at my superior magic whenever he heard the tape recorder in operation. He had a gigantic potbelly and filed teeth. One day he came to my hut with one of the most beautiful girls I had seen on the island. Amazingly, she had not been corrupted by Braun's potions. Evidently she was a pearl of great value and N'guma had concealed her, not wanting the white visitors to feast their eyes on her beauty.

The *shenzi*, with whom I could converse fairly well in the Chagga tongue, poked his mace at the tape recorder and said: "*Bwana*, for this machine-with-the-spirit-voices I give you my niece A'plauna to be your wife. Fine girl, does not eat much, can bear many children."

She was a prize, I had to admit, a proud girl of 17 with a dignity and sweetness which impressed me. Her uncle pointed to three red dots under her right breast. "Very useful girl. You exchange for spirit machine, *bwana*!"

The red dots, I knew, were temporary tattoos signifying that A'plauna was still a virgin. I smiled wistfully but declined the offer. However, I bestowed on the disappointed sorcerer a cheap English can opener and a rabbit's-foot key chain, which were great gifts in this settlement. To the girl I gave a pretty green silk scarf.

Late that night she came to my hut

and shyly tapped on the window. She brought me a bowl of maize gruel and monkey entrails which I didn't eat.

"This is for you, *bwana*, because you are a kind man. I like the cloth of green you gave me." She was wearing my scarf tied across her hips.

I forgot my lectures to Gunther Braun and said huskily: "It's a nice night, A'plauna. Will you take a walk on the beach with me?"

A'plauna and I didn't need Braun's pills to be in love. But suddenly I heard a rustling sound and something that could have been a man's angry grunt.

"Maybe it's the *shenzi*, your uncle," I said nervously. "What will he do if he finds you with me?"

A'plauna pulled me back to her. "It is not N'guma. It must be the geckos who come down to swim at night."

I was relieved. The geckos were harmless little reptiles that made a noise like a rusty cocoon clock when they emerged at dusk.

But what happened two days later proved that it hadn't been geckos spying on us that night.

Shortly after breakfast, three boys came into the village clearing, tugging a red and soggy object swathed in palm leaves. Grinning and showing his filed, stumpy teeth, the *shenzi* ordered them to leave the bundle on my doorstep.

When I yanked the leaves off I felt sick and shaken as by no other tragedy in my harried life. It was the corpse of A'plauna, almost ripped apart.

I looked closely at the girl's right breast, or what was left of it. The three red dots had been cruelly obliterated. A can opener, such as I had given her uncle as a gift, might have erased the flesh in this manner.

Now I heard drums and saw a cluster of warriors gather around the *shenzi* and begin their shuffling little dance which preceded violence. Keeping an eye on them, I retreated, walking backward, until my feet were on the steps of our hut. From within I heard sounds, a man's and woman's voices. Then the door was flung open and a crazed-looking Braun handed the 3-month-old baby of Tamapwa to me.

"Take this brat, Werner," he said roughly. "I have business with its mother."

Over his shoulder I could see the shivering Tamapwa, dancing slowly, as if to unseen music, her eyes doped and glazed and an expression of fanaticism on her cameo face. She eagerly awaited the *bwana* who had made her become an addict.

I gave the squawling child to Tamapwa's grandmother, a wrinkled crone who herded goats. As I emerged from her odorous dwelling, filled with grief for A'plauna and anger at Gunther, I felt a metal pricking at the nape of my neck.

"Do not move, *b'wana*, or I will pierce you with the spear," said T'moni, husband of Tamapwa.

No longer was T'moni a grinning idler who sat around day after day lazing in the shade. There was nothing funny or insignificant about the angry warriors at this moment.

"Go summon your friend—the one who



makes magic powders—and return the woman of T'moni to her house!" the shenzi commanded me.

I wanted to kill him on the spot for what he had done to A'plauna, his niece. But seeing him protected by the angry and betrayed husband, T'moni, and twenty other Chagga fighting men, I decided to keep my mouth shut and obey. It seemed to be the best kind of health insurance at that moment.

Watched by hostile eyes, I walked shakily over to our hut and kicked open the door. "Braun, get the woman out of here—those men mean business!"

**T**AMAPWA lay on the mat, looking adoringly at Braun. My companion fingered the cartridges of his revolver and said: "They are savages; they cannot fight against good German firearms."

I snapped: "You fool, there are twenty or more of them outside! Get the woman out."

As if to punctuate my words, a spear hurtled through the straw wall and smashed several of Braun's empty vials. I turned to leave, but Gunther pointed the gun at me. "Stay; we will wait this out together, Werner. Meanwhile, I have Tamapwa to consider. She has a great need of me—and I of her."

It was folly to argue with him, for the gun was in his hand, not mine. I sat in a chair, thinking, while the sky darkened and a tropical storm came up, raindrops as large as half dollars spattering the roof. All night I listened to the warriors who crouched in the rain, thumping drums.

Against my wishes Gunther fired many rounds from his revolver into the darkness. But the Chaggas, wary now, dispersed. They hid behind the numerous banyan trees which ringed the clearing. An occasional spear crashing into our hut reminded us they were waiting. Gunther didn't waste additional bullets after that.

In a corner of the darkened room I could hear Braun and Tamapwa. The girl commenced her unbearable moaning again, pleading for the drug, abasing herself at Braun's feet.

It was then that he gave Tamapwa his last pill and handed the revolver to me.

"Send the woman back to her husband, Braun!" I said. "Don't be a fool. Maybe we can still get out of this mess."

But the man wasn't listening. The addict had eyes only for Tamapwa. Our very lives meant nothing to Gunther now. I wanted to kill him, so great was my resentment.

Suddenly another Chagga spear winged into the hut and the spear impaled Gunther as if he were some gigantic, wriggling slug. He was dying before my eyes.

"Shoot me—Werner. Do that much for—a friend. I cannot bear—the pain!"

I killed him with one shot between the eyes. Braun's face in death seemed to bear an expression of gratitude, which was unusual for a Nazi.

Tamapwa was quivering and shaking at Braun's death. But finally she fell asleep. I checked the remaining ammunition and crouched in the darkness in taut expectation. My luminous watch dial showed 4 a.m.

There was a rustling sound at the window, then a skinny brown arm snaked over the sill, followed by a bony head. Dimly I saw a man with filed teeth and smelled the reeking boar fat on his scarred body.

Silently, tiptoeing on bare feet, I crept toward the window and waited until he dropped into the room. Then I seized the scrawny throat in the crook of my arm and exerted pressure. It must have hurt terribly.

"Bwana—don't!" the shenzi moaned.

I cut off his breath by drawing my fist closer to his chin and listened to him gasp as he fought for air. Just before he went limp I relaxed the pressure and the wizard sagged, all the fight gone out of him. On the table was my tape recorder.

I pressed the Nazi dagger to his throat. "Repeat after me: 'I, N'guma, your shenzi, order you to give this bwana food and water and a m'beri boat. He is not to be harmed, but will be permitted to leave Bamenda and return to his own people. N'guma wishes this!'"

Croaking, dribbling spit from lips turning blue, the shenzi spoke these words in the Chagga dialect, with the knife at his throat. I played back his words on the tape to make sure I had it. Then I drove the knife hard into his Adam's apple and the point emerged at the back of his neck. I left the blade in the corpse. It was partial payment for his mutilation and slaying of A'plauna.

The line of warriors massed before my hut stepped closer when I came out on the steps. Pulling the shenzi's body by the wrist, I threw it in the dust at their feet and said: "His flesh is dead but I own his spirit now. It is mine to command and lives in the box-with-a-voice. Listen to your shenzi's wishes."

I switched on the machine and their eyes bugged as the familiar voice of N'guma rasped: "He is not to be harmed. . . . N'guma wishes this."

It was not harmed.

At 3:15 on the afternoon of Oct. 6, 1957 my m'beri boat was observed bobbing in the sea some 50 miles off the Comores by a French corvette on patrol. It drew closer and the crew took me aboard and gave me dry clothing and a shot of brandy. My notebooks were waterlogged and illegible; the tape recorder was rusted and useless from the sea corrosion. Sadly I dumped the whole mess into the ocean.

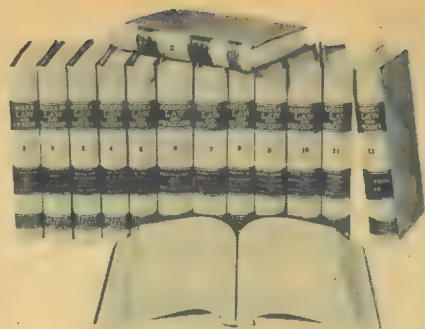
They sent me to the African mainland in a military plane and I stayed in Berbera, Somaliland for two weeks, until friends in Germany raised some money and cabled me fare for the passage home.

At this moment I am an instructor in Medieval languages in a boys' school at Wuxton Common, a London suburb, saving my money for a new tape recorder, additional books and a ticket to Africa.

Some men pursue big game, women or riches. I am a language hunter. And until I capture all the words and phrases of the little-known Chagga dialect on tape and in notebooks, I cannot be happy or have peace of mind.

Without Braun and his pills to distract the natives, perhaps next time I shall be successful.

THE END



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## P.S. TO MICHENER

(Continued from page 11)

"His mates aloft watched him crash among the mountains and concluded that he had been killed. But ten minutes later they saw him crawl painfully onto the crashed wing. His legs had been broken and he collapsed as enemy gunners began to draw a bead on him.

"What followed became an epic in failure. A squadron of antiquated Corsair planes established a canopy of fire over the unconscious pilot and held back the approaching enemy. Others moved out to sea, to escort a helicopter from the cruiser *Manchester* to the scene. Because of either enemy fire or the incredible bad luck of an evil day, the helicopter crashed.

"The crew—Navy Lieut. Ed Moore of Wichita, Kan., and Marine First Lieut. Kenneth W. Henry, of Oceanside, Calif.—climbed out safely. They reached Broomhead, improvised a stretcher and hauled him to a safer position. Enemy gunners closed in.

"Word of the situation flashed through the fleet and a squadron from the carrier *Philippine Sea* moved in to take over. One of these planes was lost.

"A stolid fury settled down upon the U. S. fliers and with it an agonizing despair. On one rescue flight every American plane was shot up. But throughout the fleet, pilots insisted on going in to get their men.

"An Army helicopter finally succeeded in landing on the only flat terrain, some 200 yards from Broomhead. Moore and Henry. It had space for only two men, and Broomhead was unconscious. To try to carry him the 200 yards under enemy fire would be fatal. Moore and Henry might make it in a quick dash, but they would not leave Broomhead. They waved the helicopter away.

"Its pilot came back for an even more dangerous landing close to the men. He begged Moore and Henry to climb aboard. They never considered the invitation. If they could not save their comrade, they would not save themselves. The hovering copter took a heavy volley of fire and withdrew.

"Now night fell, but planes from the task force pressed down among dark, perilous mountains, trying for one last miracle. It never happened.

"At break of day the planes came back. All they saw were trails of blood in the snow, the trampling of many feet where there had been a fight. What happened to the three men no one knows. . . ."

From Feb. 8, 1952, the date of Ensign Broomhead's crash, until August 31, 1953, the world didn't know the rest of the story. That's why I am giving it to you now—I being the Lieut. Moore. It's also the reason I'm calling my story "P.S. to Michener."

I was born in Wichita, Kansas on June 20, 1919 and became interested in aviation after going to the University of Wichita for two years. I was in the first class of the civilian pilot training program that the government started just before World

War II. How pleased I was to get a private pilot's license, plus pilot's credit out of it! Until the fall of 1940 I worked at the Municipal Airport of Wichita as a line mechanic, refueling airplanes, taking care of them and doing all the odd jobs. Then I got a yen for naval aviation and in December, 1940 enlisted as a naval apprentice seaman.

I went the gamut of training until the fall of 1943, when I was assigned to Bombing Squadron No. 81, the dive bomber squadron. We continued intensive training until August '44, when the squadron finally went overseas, and we were assigned to the USS *Wasp*, in Guam at the time. We operated as a squadron around the Philippine Islands, making strikes on the airfields and Jap shipping coming from Japan to resupply the troops in the Philippines and islands farther south.

I was aboard for two months. In December '44 our squadron took off from the carrier with orders to attack Japanese shipping in Manila Bay. Since it was my first mission over enemy territory I was naturally leery. I knew this was different from all the rehearsing.

When we left the task force, it was a clear, beautiful day for making an attack. We flew for about an hour and a half getting to Manila. I was flying a Curtiss Hell-Diver and had one crewman who was a combo rear-gunner and radio man. My job was to pilot and do the bombing.

I felt odd as hell. I kept looking around, almost dreading to see enemy aircraft. Fortunately none showed up. It wasn't until we got in sight of our objective that I started feeling sure of myself. By then, when I saw the shipping in the harbor and realized we hadn't bumped into any enemy aircraft, it felt more like just another training mission.

My division leader and I had been assigned an 8000-ton freighter that was anchored very close to shore in the harbor, just off a group of piers. The conditions were perfect for a dive. We were 10,000 feet. There was very little wind. It was ideal for the bombing raid—or so we thought. We pushed over 10,000 feet and I followed my division leader down in the dive, concentrating on getting on the target to release my bombs. I was pulled out of this concentration fast at about 5,000 feet when I felt the plane shudder.

I released my bombs immediately and started to pull out, but it turned out to be a little lower than a normal one. As I got the plane level and began looking for damage, my crewman and I discovered the plane had been hit by antiaircraft fire that was still coming up; we could see the tracers going by. Holes started appearing in the right wing, and I had to worry about not going down in enemy territory. It was consoling to know that the plane wasn't seriously hurt, although it was losing quite a bit of fuel from the right wing tank. The right landing gear uplock was shot out so that the landing gear was trailing opposite from the position it should have been.

To my relief, it was possible to control the aircraft, so I rejoined the squadron and started back to the task force. What I was worried about was the loss of fuel and whether I could get back all right.



Just about the time we sighted the task force, the gauge showed only five gallons of fuel left. The only thing left to do was ditch.

The crewman and I already had parachutes on, but for ditching it's imperative to get out of them. Once I had made the decision and knew I would have to land in the water, I contacted my division leader, told him the spot I was in and got prepared. This included some silent, but fervent, prayer. I quickly got out of my parachute, disconnected the radio cord and tightened my shoulder harness so that my body would not lurch forward when we came to the sudden stop in the water. My crewman was doing the same thing. We headed down.

When we got to about 50 feet over the water, I lowered my flaps, slowed down the plane and prepared to hit by cutting the power off altogether. I had already opened the canopies to prevent them from jamming, so that we would be able to get out after the plane came to rest.

When we first hit, it felt like a high-speed motorboat hitting the waves, but as the plane slowed down the shocks became more severe. Finally there was an abrupt halt. The nose of the plane dug in and we were just about vertical. The cockpit filled with water at once and I didn't know what was going to happen, so I waited a few seconds. Fortunately the plane settled back in normal position so we could both climb out on the wing and inflate our Mae Wests as well as our two-man raft. We both got into the raft and paddled away from the plane in a hurry. Once the aircraft would start to sink, the suction could take us down, too, if we were too near.

Actually, all this and getting away from the plane took less than a minute, because we were well away from it by the time it sank. Automatically I looked at my watch. The sinking took place only a minute and fifteen seconds after we had ditched.

The raft had emergency rations—water, signaling equipment, flares and panels from which we could indicate our condition. I knew that my division leader was circling the area right over us and reporting to the task force that we had ditched successfully. There was no time for real concern on anyone's part.

A destroyer got to us in about twenty to thirty minutes and we were taken back to the *Wasp*. We were extremely lucky that neither of us had been injured. We had made a successful ditch and had been picked up in a short time.

**A**FTER this things went along routine for me. I kept being given more and more schooling switches to different ships, and best of all met Joan, the girl who became my wife. We were married on June 25, 1946. In March '51 I was sent to the helicopter training school. And in October '51 I was sent to Korea, in charge of a helicopter unit, with the rank of lieutenant. If you're interested, a Navy lieutenant is equal to an Army captain. Joan stayed behind in our home in Chula Vista, a suburb of San Diego, Calif.

When we got to Japan, the first leg of our Korean journey, I was immediately assigned to the carrier *Bon Homme Richard*.

My job consisted primarily of flying plane guard machines, which was a rescue mission around the carriers with the task force, to pick up any unfortunate pilots who happened to ditch or crash. I made one rescue during November '51 and an enlisted pilot member of my unit made two.

The *Bon Homme Richard* returned to its Jap naval base and from there was due to return to the States, so I was moved with my helicopter unit to the light cruiser USS *Manchester*. We effected a few rescues, as well as administrative mail flights between ships of the task force and land forces in South Korea.

So it was more or less routine that day the *Manchester* asked me to fulfill the mission mentioned in the Michener dispatch. The ship was roughly 200 miles north of Wonsun, North Korea, the big port there, when we received word that an A.D. pilot (the attack bomber sky raider built for the Navy by Douglas) had been shot down by antiaircraft fire about 30 miles northwest of Wonsun and was badly injured.

It was 11:30 a.m. The *Manchester* immediately proceeded 25 knots south toward Wonsun and I was briefed as to the location and terrain, plus the condition of the pilot which might affect the rescue. A volunteer came forward to serve as my crewman—Marine Lieut. Kenneth W. Henry—who felt he could help me locate the downed plane more easily than someone else because this was his second tour of the terrain.

Shortly after we were launched in our helicopter I met with two escort planes, Corsairs, that knew the exact location of the crash. They could also provide cover for us to prevent attack or interference by enemy fire. We had to go about 20 miles inland from the rendezvous before reaching the actual scene of the crash. The crash had not only taken place in a very wooded area, but to my dismay I realized that the fallen plane was in a gully that sloped about 45 degrees instead of being level.

The pilot, whom we already knew as Navy Ensign Norman Broomhead, had gotten out on the wing despite serious leg injuries. Later we learned that he had been able to do this because there was no feeling in his limbs, not only due to the injuries but because of the intense cold.

I saw immediately that rescue was going to be difficult. We were being peppered by small arms fire from Chinese in the hills despite our protective escort. We couldn't expect to land because of the uneven slope. Broomhead couldn't drag himself to a more level terrain, and the altitude of 5000 feet was also a bad factor for landing. All we could do was try and hover to pick him up in a rescue sling, hoping that despite his injuries he could hold on with his hands until we could pull him into the helicopter.

I made one pass but couldn't complete the hover. Then I tried what we called a running pass, which involved dragging the sling over him at about 15 to 20 knots. Because of both the terrain and damage to the copter, which I hadn't noticed, the machine lost power and—pow!—we crashed. We hit some trees at the edge of the clear-

(Continued on page 62)

## MEN PAST 40

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ing, damaged the main rotor blades and came to a dead halt. I knew at once that except for bruises from being shaken up, I wasn't injured; but Henry's nose, left leg and hip had bumped badly and I could guess at a fracture, or worse, for him.

So there we were, the three of us. Neither Henry nor I took time out to determine how badly he was hurt. We still had the purpose of our mission in mind. Grabbing the first-aid kit from the helicopter, I rushed over to Broomhead. Henry followed. We realized there wasn't much we could do for the fallen pilot in the way of first aid. His ankles were broken and so swollen and numb that it was impossible for my amateur efforts to be of any use. Instead, I helped Henry, whose nose was bleeding profusely. I realized his nose was broken, but his leg and hip were only badly bruised.

There was enemy fire all around us. Our planes were trying to draw it away and we knew we had to get Broomhead to a better location. There we might be safer, and if another helicopter came, rescue would be simpler. Just as we started to make the move, we were fired on by the enemy and pinned down to the same spot for an hour, while our protective planes took up the battle for us. A waiting helicopter got hit by small arms fire but was able to limp back to the field safely, we learned afterward.

We stayed as we were for the hour—cold, alone, worried—trying not to show our fears to one another. Henry's nose was black and blue, his eyes had puffed up, and his bruised hip and leg were starting to stiffen up and pain terrifically.

The Combat Air Patrol planes were doing a wonderful job of strafing the enemy to protect us from capture. As soon as the small arms fire had lessened a bit, we took the parachute harness, strapped Broomhead in it and dragged him to the top of the hill. It wasn't the longest distance you can imagine, but it felt like it because Broomhead was a dead weight and Henry was having trouble with his bad leg plodding through the deep snow and underbrush. After an hour we finally made it to a more or less level plateau, relieved to be in a clearing where it might be possible for a rescue helicopter to land.

Although it was late afternoon by the time we got Broomhead settled, we enthusiastically scraped away excess snow with our hands to make a firmer landing spot for the coming helicopter. We waited around hopefully for another hour before we started thinking about some kind of shelter from the intense cold. Thoughts of food didn't even enter our minds.

Soon our planes dropped three rescue bombs to us, containing clothing, emergency rations, bedding and other equipment necessary for survival. We located only one, but from it we got a sleeping bag for Broomhead and extra clothing to keep Henry and me warm. We didn't feel we were doing too badly.

Another helicopter came along but so did some more small arms fire, so we could do nothing but wave it away. We might have made it in a dash, but poor Broomhead couldn't move. There was nothing to do but wait for the right mo-

ment for rescue.

We rigged up the canopy of the parachute as a windbreak shelter. Now we had only two worries on our minds—to keep from freezing to death and to keep from being captured until the following morning, when rescue might be effected more easily.

By this time it was dark and our protective planes had to return to their task force. If it had been just Henry and myself, we might have hidden somewhere else in the area, but we couldn't leave the injured man, so we just sat there hoping and praying silently that we wouldn't be picked up by the enemy. We couldn't even sleep, we were so worried.

Within an hour we could hear men moving around in the area where our planes had crashed. We knew they were enemy Chinese because they were firing off flares and yelling and jabbering like a bunch of kids on the 4th of July. It sure sounded like they were having a good time.

We still prayed they wouldn't see our tracks, but a few moments later we heard patrols crashing through to us and knew the jig was up. They searched us roughly and confiscated all of our equipment except our clothing, watches and rings. Finally they decided to take us down the mountain, carrying Broomhead slung over the back of one man. Henry and I walked until about 4 a.m. (I couldn't get over the Navy habit of consulting my watch every time we started or stopped anywhere). There was a house about two-thirds down the mountain. Here we were allowed to rest a little and given a can of rations to eat. Oddly enough, we still weren't hungry, although Henry and I hadn't eaten since noon the previous day and it must have been longer for Broomhead.

Continuing down the hill, we arrived in a valley by dawn, in time to hear our task force planes return over the scene of the crash. Naturally they couldn't tell if we had been captured or killed, although from the valley we could watch them circling the area. I almost cried with frustration and would have given more than the next two years of my life to have had a workable walkie-talkie radio on me at the moment.

**WE** walked the rest of the day through the valley, with no food, stopping every couple of hours for fifteen minutes. Late in the afternoon we got to what looked like army headquarters, where we were given a brief interrogation. It didn't amount to much because of the language barriers, and no interpreters were available. The three of us were taken to a room and given rice and boiled cabbage. By now we were so hungry that we ate it all, despite the unappetizing look and flavor of the food and our near exhaustion.

The one thing Henry and Broomhead needed they didn't get—medical attention. After supper I was taken to a separate house and left by myself. I immediately fell asleep. At 4 a.m. they got me up again and made me walk all the way back up the mountain to the site of the crash. One man had a 35 mm. camera. He took a few pictures of the area and of me around the helicopter, obviously for propaganda

purposes. Then back down the mountain and this time to a different valley. Arriving by nightfall at a new group of houses, I was pushed into one, and to my surprise found Henry and Broomhead there. When we had been separated I didn't dare hope we would ever see one another again.

Now followed a week of intensive interrogation, indifferent food and personal neglect. Broomhead's broken ankles were painted with iodine. Henry's broken nose was left for nature to heal.

The interrogation was more a joke to us than anything else. Most of the questions were of a military nature and we just shrugged and said we didn't know the answers. Under the Geneva Conference, all they should have asked us was our names, ranks and serial numbers. But we soon found out they wanted to know anything possible to reveal. It was very little, I can assure you.

Two weeks after our capture we were sent to a camp outside Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea. We were kept in a locked dugout for three days and two nights, fed twice a day and let out only twice a day to answer calls of nature. We had no blankets, we never washed, we never shaved, we never changed our clothes, although they did issue us a little extra POW clothing to help keep us warm. We slept on the bare floor. Being a dugout, it was very dim by day and completely dark at night. To keep from going nuts, we talked. Naturally about our homes, families, Navy, people we had known. We didn't dare wonder aloud, or even to ourselves, whether we might ever return alive to any of these things.

Finally Broomhead and I were put on a truck with two guards and fourteen other prisoners. Henry was left behind. We never saw each other again until it was time to be repatriated. After a day and a half the truck got to what was called Camp No. 2. Broomhead finally was taken to a hospital but I went along with the other prisoners and we were divided into groups for the two houses.

We finally received soap, a toothbrush, tobacco and half a cup of sugar, which was supposed to last ten days. For ten days they started pulling us out singly for interrogation. When it was my turn I was moved to a room in another house, where I spent my days being constantly questioned for 3½ weeks, and my nights with two other prisoners going through the same thing. This time there were interpreters, and they kept trying to get military information. Because we were officers they didn't abuse us too much physically, but the continued mental strain and harassment were great.

The morning was usually spent trying to avoid direct verbal answers to their questions, and the afternoon in writing out evasions of the answers they thought we should have given in the morning.

I guess it was part of their plan to soften me up, because during this time they even permitted me to write my first letter to my wife. Of course, during the whole nineteen months I was a prisoner I never received one of hers.

When this interrogation stage was over I joined a group of fifteen prisoners set-

*(Continued on page 64)*



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tled outside the main compound. We spent about seven weeks there. They issued each of us a small bowl and a spoon. The food consisted mostly of rice or steamed bread and a side dish of cabbage that we called boiled seaweed, or occasionally beans or boiled potatoes.

On May 19 we hiked to another valley, spent a week there, then moved to a village about thirteen miles east of Camp 2, called Camp 2 Annex. Our daily routine was much the same as before, with the addition of a small creek in which we could wash ourselves and our clothes. The water was freezing cold but we preferred that to being dirty. A Chinese barber came around once a month to shave us and cut our hair.

By June, 1942 I had developed dysentery from the bad food. I went down in weight from about 170 to 120 pounds, but I wasn't the only one. Most of the fellows caught dysentery sooner or later. We would be given powders or pills that would help for a few days, then it would start in again. In February '53 they put me through another 5½ weeks of interrogation, but while I was in isolation during that time at least they fed me a little better.

By the end of June I had to be hospitalized, and for a month received comparatively good food and good medical care, which finally cleared up the dysentery and helped me regain some of my weight. It was during this time that the first news drifted in about peace talks. Our spirits started rising. After I joined my camp group we began getting more and more news and started sweating out the armistice delays. A few weeks later we were definitely told of the armistice, but given no word as to when we would be repatriated.

A lot of people have asked if they tried any of the indoctrination stuff on me. They tried it on a lot of the fellows in our camp, but found it didn't work well, so they dropped it. But I understand the boys in some of the other camps were really put through the mill.

They steadily maintained the fiction of letting us write letters home, varying from one letter a month to one every ten days. They kept insisting that our letters were going out, but since we never got incoming mail we found that hard to believe.

Actually, the worst part of imprisonment was not knowing whether my wife or family had heard. I was alive and a prisoner. I later learned they never knew anything about me from the time I was reported missing on February 8, 1952 until the time I was repatriated on August 31, 1953.

After our captors told us the war was over our food and treatment became increasingly better and I could feel my strength and lost weight slowly returning. They stopped harassing us, too.

"Harassment," as I call it, took many forms, some brutal and some not. In the case of Ken Henry, I later learned, it was certainly inconsistent. He got pneumonia after losing more than 60 pounds, and they couldn't do enough to help him. Four months later they put him in a hole in the ground for fifteen days for some hashed-up reason. It was freezing and all he had on were his cottons. They wouldn't even feed him or give him water.

Fellows who got repatriated back to San Diego had stories to tell, too. Marine Col. Frank Schwable, who was Chief of Staff of the 1st Marine Air Wing when he was shot down, said he believes he would not be alive today if he hadn't confessed to waging germ warfare against the Communists. They kept him in a cage 3 feet by 7 feet where he couldn't move around. He had to grovel in the dirt. They subjected him to long periods of interrogation and in more ways than one tried to wear him out. Finally they did. But the confession they extorted from him was so ridiculous that even the Chinese officers could hardly believe it. I doubt very much that our own government has held such confessions against our men.

In our camp there was no direct torture, although they would push us around rather violently, keep us from having any peace, curse at us (we cursed back), and steal a lot of our clothes or utensils as we slept or were away working from our bunks.

When we complained about the guards, they were right and we were wrong. Whenever we wanted to go to a latrine we had to ask a guard and if he wasn't in the mood to let us, we had to stand at attention anywhere from fifteen minutes to three or four hours.

Many a cold night we would be hauled out of a sleep to answer questions of what we thought of the daily life, the Korean situation, the peace negotiations. They tried to tell us that the South Koreans started the war and that our side was using germ warfare. One time I had to sign a confession that I was resisting interrogation, that from now on I would always tell the truth and that I would never offend again. I felt like a schoolboy writing on a blackboard, yet once I wrote that so-called confession they seemed to relax and believe it.

The amazing thing about those Commies was that they couldn't understand sarcasm or subtleties of conversation. We took a perverse sort of fun out of heckling them in this way. They accepted every statement at face value.

We had the usual camp labor to do, including digging latrines and emptying them out. But the funny thing is, you get used to almost anything after a while, except that awful emptiness for the folks back home. Nothing bothers you as much as being away from your family, your loved ones.

The night before we left the valley for good they gave us a big shakedown, searching us to make sure we didn't have maps or items of a military nature, like knives or compasses. There were about five groups in our valley and they combined us in one big schoolhouse. That's how I happened to see Ken Henry for the first time in so long. He was in good shape, except for being thin and undernourished like the rest of us.

We got to Manpo by truck and were put on a train—twenty-four to a car. The one I was in had been used before to haul horses. We had to sleep in shifts because there wasn't room enough for all of us to spread out at once, but nobody minded because we knew it was the last part of our long haul. Still, after getting to the

tent city at Kaesong I lived what seemed like the longest ten days of my life before repatriation day on August 31, 1953.

We weren't permitted any real sprucing up by the Commies, but when we got to Freedom City and through our two-hour United Nations medical exam, I knew this was freedom at last. We had our first state-side food with real coffee, ice cream, milk, cigars and cigarettes. How I enjoyed that first cigar! We also got a new issue of clothes, Red Cross shaving kits, soap and towels. It's hard to describe the feeling of being a human being again after you've lived like an animal for so long. Once we got showered and put on a clean uniform we felt like men again. We could finally hold up our heads and feel proud.

When I landed in San Francisco, I found my old helicopter squadron had sent three of my buddies to meet me. With them was Broomhead, who had been repatriated in April and was in good health.

The next morning we flew down to San Diego where Joan was waiting for me. Plus the additional surprise of a reception and a Silver Star for my so-called heroism. The whole squadron was there, including the Admiral. I was so excited I still can't remember it all, just that I was home again and my wife was with me.

Then, after a brief medical exam and preliminary treatment for vitamin and dietary deficiencies, some missing teeth and fungus growths, I was given a thirty-day leave before reporting for more intensive hospital treatment.

Actually I never felt so good in my life. My weight returned and I thank God every day for being such a lucky guy—lucky to be an American, lucky to belong to a branch of the service that's so swell I'm sticking to it as a lifetime career.

Thanks to my lovely wife I had nothing to readjust to on my return but happiness. Now you know why I'm so glad to be able to give you this "P. S. to Michener."

THE END

## WHEN SMILEY GOT TOUGH

(Continued from page 20)

her widely syndicated Hollywood column to get performers for her show, giving the actors publicity instead of cash.

"This is outright payola," Ed charged. "It must be stopped."

Told of Sullivan's action, Hedda yelled: "He's a liar. I guess he must be slipping. Ed Sullivan is scared to death I'm going to knock him off the air."

Ed came back with: "Hedda is trying to use the old gimmick of getting stars to appear on her show for little or nothing. Last Sunday I paid Heston \$10,000 for an appearance on my program. Hedda proposed to pay him scale, which amounts to \$210. Obviously the \$9,790 difference was to be taken out in trade—when Hedda writes something flattering about him in her column."

Heston thereupon announced he would not appear on Hedda's telecast, and he told why.



"Hedda came to me at a party a month ago and asked to do an interview. Hedda's always been very nice to me. I said I would be delighted to do it.

"There is no question about my willingness and eagerness to do an interview with Hedda any time—free. But if Rexall (the sponsor) is going to beam it over 168 stations in competition with guys who have paid me a lot of money for the same thing, then I'd be doing them a dirty trick to go ahead.

"The other networks have paid me, too. That includes Perry Como and Sid Caesar. They would be just as put-out as Sullivan if I donated any time to Hedda's show. So far as I can recall, there was no mention of payment for my going on Hedda's show."

When Ed heard about this he crowed: "Heston had the courage under the actual or implied pressure of her column to walk out on Hedda." Then he tossed out a challenge: "If I am wrong in saying Hedda was exerting pressure on Charlton to appear on her show for a pittance, then I propose to her a very fair trial by asking her now to write a flattering column about him. I dare her."

Without a knockout in sight, Ed's killer instinct came out. "I think Hedda's head has gotten too big for her hats. I imagine she's been overcome by delusions of grandeur. Maybe she's trying to take over the spot from Louella Parsons as Hollywood's No. 1 columnist. But I don't think Hedda will succeed. Louella is just too great a lady, too good a columnist, to be supplanted by Hedda."

Ed estimated that the stars lined up by Hedda—in addition to Heston, Mickey Rooney, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Tuesday Weld, Steve McQueen, Gary Merrill and Robert Horton were billed—commanded salaries totaling \$80,000, in line with current TV scales.

"Her proposal to pay these stars a bit over \$4,000," Ed said, "is manifestly unfair, not only to the stars but to all network shows which book stars through agencies and pay full salaries.

"The Hedda Hopper show is not for charity. Hedda herself is getting a bundle of loot for her share in it. Inasmuch as she is not a performer and never has pretended to be one, it is obvious that her only function in this show is to secure top stars at bottom rates."

The day after this blast all of Hedda's other stars ran, not walked, for the nearest exit. Hedda, deflated, could only flail weakly.

When reporters asked her about the exodus, she said: "Mickey Rooney's excuse was that he was supposed to tape his part of the show on Saturday and that he always goes to church on Saturday and Sunday." (If Mickey was leveling with Hedda on this one, it's the nicest thing we've heard about the little fellow in years.)

Of Tuesday Weld's flight, Hedda said: "She begged off when she learned she was to tape her part in the early morning hours, saying: 'Oh, no! I never gather my thoughts until the afternoon.'"

Of Heston, Hedda said icily: "I no longer think of him as a man of his word."

Hedda was in the soup, no doubt about

it, but NBC execs, with many faces to save, decreed that the Jan. 10 show would go on as scheduled. It did, with Bob Hope, Robert Cummings, Gary Cooper, Hope Lange, Debbie Reynolds, Janet Gaynor, Harold Lloyd, John Cassavetes, Walt Disney, Venetia Stevenson and others appearing as replacements.

TV critic Ben Gross, of Hedda's New York *Daily News*, praised the offering highly. Jack O'Brian, television arbiter for the New York *Journal-American*, damned the show as "a bloody bore." Other appraisals were somewhere in between.

How much the replacements received for their chores was not announced. One report, no doubt originating in the Sullivan camp, stated all the above-named were on Hedda's tape before Ed made his outcry, and it's conceivable that they were fed from Hedda's supply of goobers.

There were also stories, prior to the Hedda-Sullivan slugfest, that Hedda and NBC were planning five additional shows. Such rumors are no longer in circulation.

Hedda is still in circulation, though, via her columns. She's bruised and angry as a wet hen, but up to now she hasn't printed a word of the battle with Ed. Sullivan hasn't said anything in his columns, either.

This isn't so odd when you realize that both Hedda and Ed write for the same boss, the powerful Chicago *Tribune-New York Daily News* combine. Often their columns land on the same page in papers across the nation.

What was surprising about the scrap was the savage nature of Ed's attack. Even in his many brushings with rival columnist Walter Winchell, Ed pulled punches. He didn't pull any with Hedda.

His statement that Hedda aspired to Louella's position as Hollywood's No. 1 girl gossip was a low blow, and it must have riled the Sullivan-Hopper syndicate chiefs. Actually, Hedda is considered the No. 1 girl by many readers and editors.

Ed's crack that Hedda was not a performer was a rabbit punch, too. Hedda, nearing 70, was a screen actress when Ed was in short pants, and she still picks up considerable currency for portraying herself in an occasional movie.

Ethically, of course, Ed was on the right side, for any simpleton could see that what Hedda, her sponsor and the network planned to do would be unfair to well-heeled shooters like Sullivan, Como, Steve Allen, and even Jack Paar, who is known as good, quick pay.

Congress took notice of the Sullivan-Hopper go-round and one payola prober, Beverly Coleman, chief counsel of the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, hinted that the case would bear some study.

The Fed payola men haven't hit movie-land yet, but it would seem to be only a matter of time. As Dick Powell remarked to Earl Wilson: "I'm sure the investigators will come to Hollywood. The headlines grow bigger there. But why should taxpayers pay to investigate a Hopper-Sullivan feud? Where is it going to end?"

As of the moment, we can't tell Dick where it's going to end, but we can predict that affairs are going to remain clean and tidy in Sullivan's bailiwick. Old Smiley packs a mean punch.

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## CHALLENGE OF THE WHIPS

(Continued from page 33)

risked testing my strength. I was almost one of them, differing only in the fact that I didn't instantly snatch loose the fly end of my whip and unwind it from myself. The lean, brown-faced men watched me with sneers on their lips. They shrugged and turned away. "What can you expect?" they were saying. "It is the gringo. Of course he will not fight."

Maybe there was some excuse for me. So far as I know I was the only American gringo in the whole of the pampas. I'd lived in Argentina for twelve years and I knew how to fight with a whip. But I never figured there was anything important enough to fight about.

"Why should I stick my neck out?" I asked the Gauchos after Perez had tired of baiting me. "Just because that brainless bull wants to show off his skill with a whip?"

And they said: "*Cierto, amigo Juan.* We do not blame you for being afraid. No man has dared to accept Raimundo Perez's challenge of the whips for three years. Not since he nearly killed Sanchez Rul and made himself foreman of the Rancho Boreal. But, *hombre, you* have been challenged!"

"So I was challenged!" I protested, clinging doggedly to what I thought was logic. "Should I risk having an ear taken off with the lash, like he did to Sanchez, or being blinded like Pablo Vargas? It doesn't make sense. What's so important about fighting? What would I gain by it?"

It was an argument for which there was no answer. They said: "Yes, that may be so. But among us Gauchos—if you let this thing pass, how can you continue to live here?"

"There are other places," I grunted, and promptly stuffed my few belongings into my saddlebags.

As I rode off they shrugged and rolled their little brown cigars, and I heard them say: "Let him go. It is a great pity that he is afraid for he is as strong as a tiger and has great skill with the whip."

But Raimundo Perez's friends said: "The devil roast him! It would have been fun to see Raimundo cut the American to pieces. But a good riddance to the gringo!"

I traveled for a week until I came to the foothills town of Exaltacion. It wasn't a cow town. Cattle went to Las Cruces, farther down the river. In Exaltacion a cowman like me was as much of a curiosity as he would be in New York.

"They are devils, these Gauchos!" I heard a man say. "What a life is theirs! Look at the swing of his hips, the set of his shoulders. Look at his angry eyes. They are afraid of nothing, these men!"

I soon found a job. Hired help at a livery stable, but at least I didn't have to fight in order to keep it. Not with men, that is. But I did fight—and enjoyed fighting—with half-broken mustangs and kicking, stubborn Spanish mules.

The livery stable was filled with the mounts of people who had ridden in from the neighboring haciendas. The fiesta of Saint Joseph was about to take place and there would be a bullfight.

The bulls were being brought into the pens behind the Plaza de Toros. Surrounded by inoffensive steers, the hot-tempered bulls were being herded by mounted *ganaderos*, or herdsmen, through the back streets of the town.

It was well after sunup when the little herd came stampeding along, urged by the *ganaderos* with their sharp-pointed staves. The bulls were being forced to run fast, so that they would have no time to stop and think.

People squealed and stampeded for the shelter of doorways. There was shouting and confusion. A man and a girl rode behind the racing herd, mounted on splendid horses that pranced high in the excitement. A cart blocked half the street ahead. Its scrawny horse reared and plunged. The herd jammed past. One of the fighting bulls got separated from the rest, and I could see right then that stark tragedy was in the making.

The *ganaderos* dared not leave the main herd. At all costs the bulls had to be kept on the run, rushed into the pens. When that was done they would come back for the lone bull, which—if a miracle happened—might have done no serious damage and might not have been shot down by the squad of town police.

I could see the bull clearly, a vibrant black menace standing in the mouth of a blind alleyway, snorting with a nervousness that was on the edge of insane rage. A peon scuttled into its line of vision, a hated human on foot. The bull bellowed and charged out of the alley. The man shrieked and ducked into a doorway. The bull's dagger-sharp horns went through the panels like nails through paper. Its broad forehead touched the door, smashed it down like cardboard, and half the brute's bulk filled the hallway beyond.

Frenzied screams came from within. The bull snorted, muffled in the passage. Then slowly it backed out from the inner dimness. Dark faces hung out of windows and screamed advice to one another. A futile pistol shot sounded. The bull bellowed the short, explosive burst of the fighting breed.

"The Gaucho!" a voice shouted. "Bring the Gaucho! He will know what to do!"

I WAS already on my way. The bull now stood in the middle of the street. It muttered low thunder and pawed at the cobblestones. Its red eyes rolled from the trembling horse imprisoned between the shafts of its cart—slewed now across the lower end of the street—up to the two riders at the other end.

There was plenty of time for the riders to gallop to safety. But the man with the sharp-pointed beard and aristocratic nose sat quite still in the saddle. Silver buttons glittered on his closely-fitting velvet jacket and along the lower seam of his trousers. He was a *caballero* who might have stepped out of a painting by Velasquez. To turn and run away was obviously out of the question for him.

In a quiet voice he said: "It is time,



Mariposa mia, that you should withdraw."

The girl flashed a look at him from her wide dark eyes. Her red lips tightened. "I follow you, my father," she said.

The bull rumbled deep in its belly and faced the riders. They sat like proud statues. I walked toward them. Because I couldn't afford any other clothes I was still wearing my Gaucho costume and my whip.

"Adelante, Gaucho! Go to it! Watch him! He knows how to handle a bull. Look, he has no fear!"

So yelled the mob in its safety and ignorance. But I knew that even a bull-fighter on foot in the ring before a fighting bull, armed with the red cape which serves as a powerful defensive weapon, feels the cold grip of fear as the horns slice past him.

I felt it, too. But I also knew cattle and how to handle them. I knew what this madened bull was getting ready to do. And the girl, so still and proud on her horse, with her breasts thrusting against the satin blouse, was an audience worth having.

I padded up, soft-footed, behind the angry brute, within 15 yards of its stiffly arched tail, which was the length of my whiplash. I stamped my foot and called: "Ha, toro!"

The bull whirled with a speed incredible for its bulk. For a second it glared red hate at me; then, with its head high and nostrils flared, it snorted an explosive breath. The heavy ridge of tossing muscle that ran from just behind its horns to its shoulder stiffened. In the next second it would charge, and then nothing would stop it.

I flicked my wrist and the whip lashed out like a live snake. Its snapper thong of salt-water-hardened rawhide banged with the report of a 45 right in the bull's nose—its most tender spot.

The bull roared its fury and shook its massive head. Blood sprayed red from its black muzzle. I flicked the whip again. Swish! The stinging thong lashed again across its eyes and again about its ears.

The animals bellowed again and lurched aside. It wanted to get away from that blinding lash and get a clear view of me. If I let it, those vicious horns would go down and I would be faced with charging death.

I didn't let up for a second. With sizzling *vueltas*, figure-eight strokes—left, right, left—the lash burned about the bull's head like a red-hot wire.

Bellowing hoarse rage, the brute backed away from the searing live thing I kept clinging to its face. That's what I wanted. If I could force it into the narrow blind alley, a barricade could be thrown up to keep it there.

"Barricada!" I shouted, and from a neighboring door a table was shoved out quickly. From the other side came some chairs. From every door burst shouting men with hurriedly snatched furniture. Within a minute a palisade of household goods filled the gap.

The *ganaderos* came galloping up to take over. "Viva el Gaucho!" they shouted at me. "Bravo! Bravissimo!"

The crowd fell back and was silent. The man with the pointed beard dis-

mounted and swept off his hat.

"That was very skillfully done, my friend. I am Don Enrique Valdez Sotomayor Escobar. In the name of my house, I thank you."

I nodded and introduced myself. "The bull is a valuable one," I said. "So before the police came with guns—"

"I know it," said Don Enrique. "The beast is of my own breeding in my own rancho at Limon. For its life I thank you."

The voice of the girl came from above. She was still mounted. "It was bravely done, *Senor Gaucho*."

I looked up at her, and if I hadn't been in Argentina, where manners are strictly observed, I'd have whistled. The *senorita* was lovely to look at.

Plunging up to my ears in the customary flamboyant Spanish etiquette, I pressed my hat over my chest. "It was for the *senorita's* beautiful eyes," I said gallantly.

"My house will be honored by your presence," Don Enrique said, and bowed.

"The honor will be mine," I murmured, and bowed in return.

Don Enrique mounted. "*Hasta la vista*. Until we meet again." He rode away, and the dream girl rode with him.

Back in my home town, dating that girl would have been as easy as roping a steer. But in the deep inland pampas country I knew that a visit to Don Enrique's house would mean no more than ceremonious hospitality and compliments exchanged over old wine. So I got into the act properly and did the expected thing. I borrowed a guitar and stationed myself beneath the wrought-iron grill that guarded the *senorita's* window, and I sang.

It didn't matter that my voice was as husky as a frog's and that I didn't know the first thing about playing a guitar. Gallantly I sang "*La Guarda Nocturna*," "The Night Guard." It's a song about the open plains and the drowsy lowing of cattle under diamond stars.

I sang it badly but the window opened up all right. A face appeared, but it wasn't a face with luscious lips and eyes that could set a man's pulses racing. Instead it was pinched and hatchet-shaped, with the gimlet eyes of a duenna.

She said: "Sing more."

And that, brother, is progress in the pampas.

On a later night, while I still pounded the guitar and bellowed my head off, the quarry itself appeared and the girl listened to me with studied interest as I reeled off impassioned verses about perfection's selected angel and hearts exploding with fire.

I WAS getting somewhere fast. A couple of nights later the *senorita* sat boldly behind the bars of the wide-open window and talked with me as human to human. She also dropped a red rose from her hair through the iron bars, which happens to be a declaration of deathless love in Spanish, whatever obstacles might come in the way.

She told me about her father. "This young man," he had apparently remark-

(Continued on page 68)

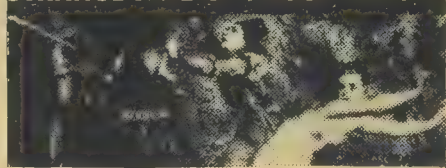
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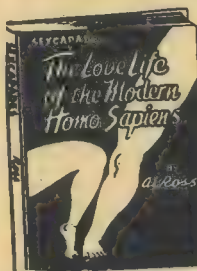


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ed, "who sings so tunelessly. He is very persistent."

"You do not object?" she had asked.

And Don Enrique had replied: "Well, he is probably not of an ancient family like ours. But in these strange times there is no understanding what young people wish to do."

So Mariposa kissed her father and called him the dearest little old *padrecito* in the world. And the next night, when I started my howlings beneath her window, she stopped me with the remark: "One who has the courage to face a maddened bull ought not to quail before facing my father."

So I faced the old boy. But instead of discussing his glamorous daughter, he had news for me about the Rancho Boreal, which I had left a month before after ignoring Perez's challenge of the whips.

"I have just purchased the Rancho Boreal," he said calmly. "And I want you to take charge as foreman."

I kept up the etiquette business, bending stiffly at the waist. "Senor is most gracious," I said.

"It is a small thing, *amigo*, in return for the services that you rendered to my house. I want you to ride back to the Rancho Boreal and dismiss the foreman. I am dissatisfied with him. You will open the big house and prepare it for the reception of myself and my daughter. When all is ready you will telephone me and we will come. *Ganaderos* with selected stock will accompany us."

That night I mounted my horse and rode out of the town of Exaltacion. When I arrived back at the Rancho Boreal the Gauchos said: "Why, Juan, we never thought we would see you here again. How do you have the courage to show your face?"

"Unfinished business," I said. "A small matter of a challenge to take up with Raimundo Perez."

Raimundo swaggered forward. "Well, may the devil catch me! It is the American gringo. What crazy chance brings you here again, gringo?"

I was loosening the lash of my whip as I talked. "I haven't much time, Raimundo, because there's work to be done here in a hurry. You won the foremanship of this ranch with your whip. I'm here to fire you with my whip and take over!"

Raimundo gaped at me. Then his little pig eyes lit up with an ugly gloating, and he guffawed. Without another word he began to strip to the waist. His pals grinned at one another.

"*Que demencia!* Some powerful emotion has driven the gringo mad. What a slaughtering this is going to be!"

One of the Gauchos was already marking out a rough circle on the ground.

"But *amigo!*" It was Pedro, an old friend of mine at the rancho. "This is a terrible thing that you do. The man is a bull for strength and is just as savage."

"I happen to have fought with a bull before," I grinned. "Hold onto my shirt and keep your eyes open for dirty work. With an honest bull there's no need, but with this muscle-bound bully—"

Raimundo stood in the ring, massive, scowling, blowing hard through his nos-

trils. I crouched, facing him. We were two naked men exposed to 15 feet of rawhide lash each. And we were both experts with the whip. It takes an expert, and a muscular wrist, to fight a *duelo a latigos*.

Raimundo advanced a step and immediately I sent my first *vuelta* hissing through a half-circle and slamming full across the big man's chest, parting the shaggy hair and splitting the skin in a red weal. Raimundo roared with fury and cut viciously below my waist. I caught the lash in time, tangling it with my own. The plaited rawhides rasped apart. Raimundo cut low again. I sprang inside the swing and lapped my lash twice around the big man's waist. Raimundo spun to counter the drag he knew must come, but I was faster. I leaped back to a full arm's length and rasped my lash, spinning Raimundo like a top and leaving a girdle of two parallel raw red lines at his waist. The twist spun Raimundo clear out of the ring, sprawling.

"Paradal!" yelled his pals. "Stop! *Suelta prima!* It is the first round."

I stepped to the edge of the ring, holding my lash high in my left hand. "Some of you," I snarled, "seem to have learned the rules you didn't know three years ago, when this big ox fought with Sanchez Rul."

Raimundo came in again, fear beginning to show in his pig eyes. I jumped high over his full swing and flicked him over the right shoulder with a sound like the breaking of a hardwood stick.

For fifteen minutes we fought. I absorbed plenty of punishment too, but continued to wrap Raimundo around with searing rawhide. And when, at the end of that time, I whirled my lash around Raimundo's bull throat and flung him reeling out of the ring, no sullen urging from his gang would induce him to come inside again. He just lay there, choking and beaten.

"Well," I asked them, "is there anybody else who wants to say I'm not foreman of this place?"

Nobody took up the challenge. Pedro hovered over me with bandages and ointment. "But, Juan," he said, "I do not understand this thing which is incredible. Not only in thrashing Raimundo, the bully, who has dominated us for three years. But there were some among us who were beginning to console ourselves and salve our pride with your former philosophy of what a man would gain by fighting."

I didn't give Pedro an explanation just then. I kept it for beautiful Mariposa.

"Juan mio," she said on the first night of her arrival at the ranch, "I have a treachery to confess. While you were away I talked to employees of my father at his other ranch and they told me terrible stories about you. Incredible stories. And I, fantastic as it seems, believed them."

I laughed and tilted her face toward mine. "My beloved," I told her in the flowery Spanish I'd begun to enjoy, "they were all true. But at that time there wasn't anything in the world important enough to fight for. Now I have found something that is!"

THE END



## ABORIGINES AND MENTAL TELEPATHY

(Continued from page 23)

resulted from an accident. He fell from a sulky one morning while heading out into a remote part of the desert in the never-ending search for gold.

All three of the brothers were still alive and ranging the gold fields together when Tom lost his sight. And there the odd story begins, because the circumstances surrounding this loss of eyesight provided the background for the Laurie brothers' remarkable experience with mental telepathy.

One morning, while they were in a particularly rugged part of the Tanami wilderness, the three prospectors found they were running low on supplies. The nearest station at Gordon Downs was 125 miles away. Tom volunteered to make the trip, taking along a pack horse to bring back a much-needed cargo of food.

All went well on the long and lonesome journey to Gordon Downs, but on the return trip Tom began to have serious difficulty with his eyes. From time to time a blurry, web-like substance seemed to dim his vision, prompting him to reach up and brush his hand across both eyes. What Tom didn't know at the time was that he was in the first stage of the "sandy blight," a dreaded eye disease which often left its victims totally blind.

On the second day his right eye went completely blind and he decided to spend the night bathing both eyes in warm water before pushing on the next morning. But the struggle between Tom Laurie and the white-heat of the desert sands was slowly taking its toll, and by the fourth day he was blind in both eyes.

In all his years as a prospector Tom had been a resourceful man, and he was tough to the ways of the desert. But only in nightmares had he ever faced the grim prospect of roaming the barren sands alone and without his eyesight.

Before his eyes had failed he had managed to tie up his two horses, but one, the saddle horse, broke loose and wandered away into the desert. After groping his way around for several hours Tom finally laid his hands on the pack horse which, to his relief, was still loaded down with supplies. Most of all, he considered the pack horse a possible means of escape from almost certain death. Taking a firm grip on a saddle strap, he goaded the horse into traveling about the desert, in the desperate hope that the animal would lead him back to the mining camp at Tanami.

For nearly twenty-four hours the horse wandered aimlessly through the sands, getting nowhere, until it became frightened by a desert lizard and bolted away, leaving Tom holding nothing but a broken saddle strap.

If Laurie had been helpless before, he was now in the last stages of desperation. The only way he could tell time was by the hot rays of the sun on his cheeks, during the day and the coldness of the desert air

at night. Crippled by leg injuries caused by bumping blindly into boulders, he painfully lowered himself to his knees and began crawling through the sand, hoping somehow to find a well-beaten trail that would lead him back to Tanami.

Like a drowning man grasping at the last straw, he reached into his pocket and grabbed hold of a few match sticks. The aborigines, he told himself, were not the only ones who knew how to send up a smoke signal. Feverishly he began groping about the desert, trying to lay his hands on brushwood, and before long he had gathered enough to start a smoky fire.

But his luck—if you could call it that—lasted only about three minutes, just long enough for the flames to spread to other clumps of brush and touch off a ring of fire which slowly began to encircle the blinded prospector. Sensing his peril, he summoned all his courage and began to crawl rapidly through the on-coming wall of flames.

Tom's tinder-dry clothing quickly caught fire and his screams echoed through the desert. Frantically he squirmed through the sand, turning over and over in a violent motion that finally smothered the flames in his clothes. He had escaped being roasted alive, but that was little consolation as he lay in the full glare of the pitiless sun, blinded, burned and near death from hunger, thirst and searing pain. But one thing about his situation had changed; he was no longer alone in the desert. The eyes of another human being were upon him.

The smoke and fire had attracted the attention of a native boy, who had silently stood and watched Tom as he fought his life-and-death struggle against the circle of fire. The youthful aborigine, however, was afraid of white men, and Laurie's horrible appearance frightened him into turning and running from the scene.

Meanwhile, back at Tanami Laurie's two brothers were planning a search for the long overdue Tom. In order to cover more ground, they decided to separate and press the search over two different routes. Just as they were preparing to depart, an elderly native, whom they employed as a water boy, came running up to their horses, waving his arms in the manner of a man carrying an urgent message.

"Me getta longa messal!" he shouted. "Me getta longa messal!"

Bill and Jack Laurie got down from their horses and listened more closely to the native's babbling words. He told them he had just received "a message" from a native boy who was wandering about the desert some 55 miles away. The information was that a white prospector was lying badly burned and close to death in a section of the desert which was far from the nearest water hole. The native gave what he said was the exact location the dying man could be found.

Jack and Bill questioned the aborigine further, trying to find out just how he had received this strange message, but the native would only point to his head and mutter: "It come in here. It come in here."

Although they didn't know it at the time, the Laurie brothers were having their first experience with mental telepathy

(Continued on page 72)

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Continued from page 70)



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(Continued on page 73)



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among the aborigines.

Jack and Bill quickly changed their plans. Riding together, they headed at top speed toward the point in the desert where the dying man was supposed to be. Just as the native had said, they found Tom lying flat on his back, staring into the sky with sightless eyes. His lips were swollen beyond their normal size, and the once healthy tan of his complexion had turned a sickly yellow, with the skin stretched tight across the cheekbones like the death mask of an Egyptian mummy. His tongue was black from four days without water.

But the Lauries were just as rugged as the desert around them. Under the watchful care of his brothers Tom gradually recovered the use of his arms and legs and returned to good health, but he remained blind in his right eye.

It wasn't long after Tom's ordeal that the stage was set for events which reached an astounding climax in the sending of a thought message across 300 miles of uninhabited wasteland.

The three brothers continued to prospect for gold at the Tanami camp. One day Tom was alone at the mine. Jack and Bill had decided to take a trip to Alice Springs, which was located quite a distance to the southeast.

The temporary absence of his brothers left Tom in the rather dangerous circumstance of being the only white man in the area for miles around. His only helping hand was a native woman named Ruby, who dressed herself in a flowing purple robe and accompanied him whenever he left the vicinity of the camp to search for gold.

One morning when they were nearly a mile away from the base, Ruby suddenly shouted a guttural, half-understandable warning to Tom. "Black man runna at camp, him Granitell!"

Ruby's warning would make little sense to most people, but Tom understood. Her roving eyes, accustomed to seeing long distances in the desert, had sighted the approach of a band of Warramulla tribesmen who lived in a hilly area many miles to the southeast. There were only eight natives in the party, but their bodies were covered with war paint, and they were fully armed with crude weapons which already had been used in attacks upon white men in remote parts of the desert.

Sensing plenty of trouble in the sudden appearance of the aborigines, Tom ran at full speed back to the camp, followed by Ruby who, even at that moment, was planning a betrayal. Tom arrived ahead of the oncoming natives and had just enough time to load his rifle and prepare for the worst. He considered the rifle only a last resort, knowing that even the Warramullas could be turned aside peacefully if the right approach was used.

The aborigines were led by two natives known as Cockalilli and Jimmy, and little did the unsuspecting Laurie realize that both of them were friends of Ruby. After what seemed to Tom an eternity of waiting, the grotesquely-dressed warriors finally arrived within speaking distance.

Tom quickly grabbed several sticks of tobacco and walked toward the natives, offering the gift as a symbol of peace. But Cockalilli rudely knocked the tobacco from

Tom's hands and shouted that he and his warriors didn't want the white man's smokes, they wanted his water.

Only a short distance from the camp was a large vat which contained Tom's meager supply of water, and he seriously doubted that there was enough to quench the thirst of all eight natives. But Laurie was in no mood to take on trouble if it could be avoided, so he led his unwanted guests to the water vat, hoping that afterward they would leave the camp and take their warlike intentions elsewhere.

Three hours later the Warramullas were still hovering around the water supply, giving every indication that they intended to stay until it was exhausted. Tom's patience had now run its course. Taking a firm grip on his rifle, he walked toward the warriors and told them in the plain language of their own tongue that it was time to go.

In his haste to give the natives their marching orders, Tom failed to notice that Ruby had dropped out of sight and that one of the warriors was also missing. It was a costly oversight because at that very moment Ruby and the missing native were coiled like two snakes behind a huge boulder near the water vat, ready to spring.

Tom had just finished telling the warriors to head for the wide open spaces when Ruby, her purple robe flapping in the desert breeze, came up behind him and grabbed the rifle from his hands. The native who was following Ruby leaped into action by swinging a massive club toward the white man's head.

Fortunately the attack came from the side of Tom's good eye, and he managed to deflect the club by quickly raising his arm. But the advantage was lost and the screaming warriors raced toward Laurie, dead-set on beating him to a bloody pulp.

Tom fought with his bare fists, and he swung with the fury of a man who knows that violent death is only minutes away. He landed a right-hand smash to one warrior's jaw, kicked another in the stomach, and swung wildly at a third. Then suddenly he broke away and raced back to the camp, where another rifle was hidden in his tent.

The howling aborigines pursued him all the way and he began firing at them until two bullets found their mark, striking one native in the leg and another in the shoulder. The wounded warriors screamed in pain, and with that the rest decided they'd had enough. Almost before Laurie realized what had happened, the natives were in full flight across the desert. Ruby ran so fast that she tripped herself several times in the long folds of her robe.

The remarkable part of the story is yet to come. Less than one hour after Tom chased the natives from his camp at Tanami, a group of aborigines went to the white police headquarters in Newcastle Waters, a desert community 300 miles away, and told the police that the one-eyed prospector, Tom Laurie, had been attacked by a party of Warramulla tribesmen. They even pinpointed the exact time and the place where the assault had occurred. Even more amazing was their accurate description of the events at the water vat preceding the attack.

The intriguing question is—how did the  
(Continued on page 74)



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aborigines at Newcastle Waters learn about Tom Laurie's fight for his life at the Tanami mine, and how did they learn so quickly? There were no telegraph lines, no telephones, no means of communication of any kind across the vast stretch of desert.

Could it have been smoke signals? That was ruled out because to set up a chain of fires across 300 miles would require well over three hours' time.

Every scientist and anthropologist who studied the strange facts surrounding the attack at Tanami arrived at the same conclusion—mental telepathy was the only answer.

Now one question remains unanswered. Who sent the thought message across the desert? Was it Ruby? Or was it one of the aborigines who raced wildly out of Tom's rifle range after the attempt to murder him had failed?

Tom Laurie died in 1928, but before he passed on to look for that "gold mine in the sky," he knew that his name would forever be linked with the strange phenomenon of mental telepathy. THE END

## TRUTH ABOUT AMNESIA

(Continued from page 15)

Youngstown, Ohio. Alone, as always.

He said brusquely: "Middle-aged? You are daffy, sister. I've got a long way to go yet—I'm 24. And I've never had any complaints before now."

The girl propped herself on an elbow and surveyed him with amusement. He saw that she was nude. "You feeling okay? You must be kidding, giving me that jazz about being 24. Or maybe you're still high from those drinks at Tony's. Why, you're 45 if you're a day, Pops!"

He picked up a card on the night table. It said: "Good morning! The Friendly Haven Motel in Sacramento, California, welcomes you to its coffee shoppe for breakfast. Room service if desired."

Joe Curtis snorted. What the hell was this ad doing in Ohio, 2500 miles from California? He swung out of bed, groped for his slippers and glanced at his hands. They were veiny and ridged. Brown liver spots, the hallmarks of aging, had appeared on their backs. Funny, I've never noticed them before, he thought worriedly.

As he stood up he became aware of a twinge in his back and arthritic pains in his joints. Curtis looked down at his body. I'm getting flabby, he told himself. What a pot! I wasn't conscious of my stomach until now.

His mind still seethed with anger at the girl who had twitted him about looking 45. A real crazy one, this kid! Where did she get that stuff about age? His 25th birthday was still four months away.

"I'm going to shower and shave. You get dressed and beat it," he said crossly, going into the bathroom and slamming the door behind him.

There was a heavy silence, then a sudden scream from the bathroom. It carried overtones of shock, disbelief and terror.

The girl, just wiggling into her slip,

turned pale. "Hey, what's the matter with you, Fred? Are you okay?"

She pounded on the locked bathroom door ineffectually. Finally the door opened and the man emerged, shaking as if he had palsy. His eyes were glazed with disbelief and fear. His cheeks, hollow and unshaved, were stubbled with gray and gave him a death's-head look, accentuated by his bony skull, for he was quite bald. The fringe of gray-white hair above his ears was rumpled, for he had yanked frantically at his sparse locks after the first incredulous look in the bathroom mirror.

"Either the world's gone crazy or I have!" he said hoarsely. "I—I'm an old man according to the mirror. What is this, a gag on me, Joe Curtis? Who are you, sister? Who's playing tricks on me? What's the date?"

The girl backed away in fright. "Why—it's—it's March 5, 1956."

At these words the man started raving like a lunatic, his arms flailing wildly. "It's all a lie—a damned lie! You're just trying to frighten me. It's February 17, 1936, damn you! It's 1936, understand? I'm no Rip Van Winkle who's been asleep! I'm Joe Curtis!"

He grabbed her by the bare shoulders and shook her until her teeth rattled and she moaned in fright.

"You're balmy!" she gasped. "It's 1956 and you're Fred Bixby. You work in the office with me at the Shlocker luggage factory in Sacramento. Remember now? But I don't care what you call yourself, Fred. Be Curtis if you want to; just let me out of here."

The police, summoned by the motel manager, had to put a strait jacket on the raving man before they could load him into a squad car which took him to the psychopathic ward of the city hospital. Finally—after he insisted in his violent babbling that he was Joe Curtis of Ohio and not Fred Bixby, who had been employed at the luggage factory for sixteen years—the police telephoned the Youngstown authorities for more information.

The Ohio cops checked old newspaper files, high school yearbooks and early employment records of Joe Curtis. At last a detective phoned back.

"Yep, there was a Joe Curtis here in 1936. He was hit over the head one night and robbed in his rooming house. The poor guy had amnesia after the blow. He seemed harmless enough but disappeared in July of that year, after wandering away from the sanitarium grounds."

Through handwriting comparisons, fingerprints and dental comparison charts, the quivering and still hysterical 45-year-old Fred Bixby in California was definitely identified as Joseph Curtis, long missing and presumed dead.

What had triggered his sudden memory recovery in the California motel room remains a mystery, though one psychiatrist said: "Unaccustomed sexual exertions may have jarred him into a realization of his true identity."

Police and doctors, digging deep into the story of Curtis-Bixby, say that his is one of the longest cases of true amnesia on record.

To all intents and purposes Curtis was still 24 years old. It was before World

War II. He thought the depression was on and that Franklin D. Roosevelt was in his first term as president.

Now Curtis faced the pathetic task of picking up the threads of an existence which had been blotted out by a thief's blow on the head two decades before.

**C**OULD amnesia happen to you? The answer is yes, for the disorder is no respecter of age, health, sex, education or station in life. It is a functional disturbance or loss of memory, partial or complete, sometimes termed "the shell shock of civilian life."

Often noted on the battlefield, where troops have witnessed more gore and death than they can bear to remember, the malady is described by one expert in this manner:

"It is similar to shutting off the light in one room of the house of memory, while the rest of the house remains bright and functioning. Only that part—or room—which has to do with one's name, address, family and friends remains in total darkness.

"Fortunately, most people regain their memories, though recovery time varies. But even twenty-four hours of not knowing who you are is enough to give a man the screaming meemies."

Women comprise 42 per cent of all amnesia victims.

One gay Saturday night in 1958, in a Chicago burlesque theater filled with boisterous male patrons, a statuesque stripper billed as "The Balloon Girl" (for obvious reasons), undulated onto the runway and began to peel her gown, bra and stockings. She toyed suggestively with her G-string as the audience shouted encouragement.

The stripper called herself Jerry Keene and had been a more than competent burlesque beauty for two years. Thanks to her indolent sway of hips, plus magnificent breasts which had led to the "Balloon Girl" appellation, Jerry was earning \$350 a week on the burlesque circuit.

Tonight there were hoarse cries of: "Take it off!" as she gyrated slowly to the roll of drums. A beefy man yelled: "Hot diggity, that girl's a born stripper!"

Subsequent findings proved how very wrong he was.

Suddenly the Balloon Girl faltered and turned a taut, frightened face to the audience. The spotlight, through colored filters, made her painted features a mask of surprise, fear and despair.

"Where am I?" she cried. "This must be a terrible joke!" She peered out into the dark theater. The puzzled musicians throttled down on the grind music. "What is this place? Who are all you people out there? What am I doing here?"

Glancing down, Jerry Keene quaked as she beheld her nudity, while guffaws and cheers erupted from the 800 males in the house. Her face became whiter than her powder and tears welled in her eyes, streaking her mascara.

"Get me out of here, please!" she wailed to the stage manager. "I want to go back home, to my school, to the children in my class. This must be a terrible dream."

They bundled her into a bathrobe and the manager summoned a physician. To



the doctor the Balloon Girl blurted a strange story. Her name was not Jerry Keene. Mention of it failed to awaken even a glimmer of recognition. "I am Grace Adkins," she said. "I'm 22 years old and I teach school in Salem, Oregon. My heavens, Doctor, how did I get in this awful place? Something must have happened. I remember falling from a horse and hurting my head, but that seems like yesterday afternoon. Why am I here, doing things like this?" She pulled the robe around her body and wept.

The physician called the Oregon police and came up with the missing segments of Grace Adkins' life. Miss Adkins, a prim and proper schoolteacher, had fallen from her horse during a faculty picnic on August 26, 1955. She had lain in a hospital for ten days with a severe concussion.

"Grace had amnesia but we believed it to be temporary," explained her family doctor on the West Coast. "But she didn't regain her memory. She simply walked down the fire escape of the hospital and vanished. That was three years ago, sir!"

Grace Adkins had never been to a burlesque theater in her life. Yet here she was in Chicago, billed as the Balloon Girl, known as Jerry Keene, and evidently enjoying her colorful life and many lovers.

When she tried to get her old teaching job back, various school boards, learning of her strip-tease career, refused to take her request seriously. Many of the school principals and school board members would paw her and try to get her into a back room, "to question you further about your life as—er—the Balloon Girl, Miss Adkins."

Finally, driven by need, she returned to her life as Jerry Keene and became a stripper again. But her heart wasn't in it. Grace Adkins was basically a teacher and a refined person. After being fired from many theaters and clubs because she was indifferent and listless in her disrobing act, the unhappy girl killed herself in a Seattle hotel room with an overdose of sleeping pills.

Her suicide note read: "I am living in a half-world in which I have no real identity. Grace Adkins is no more and Jerry Keene, the Balloon Girl, is repulsive to me. It's better to leave this way."

**A**MNESIA can come from a variety of causes—mental or physical shock, illness, a car accident, a blow on the head, blood infections, hardening of the arteries.

Sometimes venereal disease in its advanced stages will lead to memory loss. When Al Capone was in prison, the mobster, a paresis victim, lived whole months in which he remembered nothing of his bloody days in Chicago.

"He thought he was a shepherd boy back in Sicily and would talk all night to those damned imaginary sheep in his cell," a fellow inmate recalls.

This lapse of memory is called fugue, or flight from reality. People with a neurosis or an unwillingness to face hard facts may take refuge in it. Such a man was Thurston C. Fox, a young engineer from Dallas, who married a haughty girl from a rock-ribbed New England family.

She was a nymphomaniac. Fox refused to face the reality of it. He caught her

with a milkman and forgave her. When he found an undressed sailor in her bedroom, he accepted her story that the gob was her cousin, just passing through town and stopping to freshen up.

On December 3, 1951 Fox seemingly disappeared from the face of the earth. He left his home without clothes or money. An intensive nation-wide hunt for him failed to provide a clue as to his fate.

The engineer was declared legally dead in 1958. His wife used his insurance money to finance a trip to Europe to search for new lovers.

It was March 7, 1959 now. A crew of steel workers was on the verge of "topping off" a new San Francisco skyscraper whose metal bones rose 20 stories high. On the 19th floor Herman Seitz, wearing a plastic protective helmet and clutching his lunchbox, stopped work at the noon whistle to eat his meal 500 feet above the busy street.

Seitz straddled a girder, unwrapped a ham sandwich, and nonchalantly ate it as he surveyed the ships in the harbor and the ant-like shoppers and clerks far, far below. It was unseasonably warm and he took off his helmet.

"Look out below!"

At the warning he looked up and was hit on the head by a screwdriver dropped by a workman above. The instrument glanced off his temple. He felt the blood trickle on his cheek and gave a cry of horror as he looked—as if for the first time—at the street so far under his perch.

"My God, what am I doing up here? Get me down, somebody! I'll fall—I'll be killed!" he screamed.

"Take it easy, Herm," his buddy, Bob Willis, said easily. "You're an old hand at working the high steel. How come you panicked? Must be that hit on the head. You're dazed. I'll get you down, pal."

The injured man stared in bewilderment at Willis. "My name is Thurston Fox. My God, man, how did I get up here? Save me, please! I'm going to fall!"

Creeping out along the girder, Willis tried to get a grip on the jittery workman's arms. Herman Seitz flailed wildly and knocked his would-be rescuer's hands away.

"I had to sit real still and get a fresh grip on that steel myself," Willis shakily related later. "The guy was frantic. He teetered there. I tried to kid with him, to ease his fright. Just when I thought I had a headlock on him, Herm lost his balance and went over. I almost went with him."

The steel worker hurtled down into the traffic-clotted street hundreds of feet below, pinwheeling in midair, crashing bloodily onto the pavement. A bus ran over his remains. Blood and bones splattered the bus windshield, but Herman Seitz—or Thurston Fox—had died instantly upon striking the cement.

A police department psychiatrist reconstructed the tragedy after a fingerprint check revealed the dead steel worker was indeed the long-missing engineer.

Said the psychiatrist: "To blot out the memory of his devilish wife, Fox simply escaped into amnesia, or fugue, and walked away from his problem. As the years

(Continued on page 76)

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passed the wanderer found a job in steel work, for his engineering background had drawn him to the construction trade.

"As Herman Seitz the man was fearless and competent. He worked on at least ten skyscrapers without showing a trace of nervousness. But the blow from the screwdriver restored his old identity in a flash, at the worst possible moment, while he was dangling into space on a girder 500 feet up. Little wonder that the poor devil, now Fox again, became terrified and lost his footing. Wouldn't you?"

Feigned loss of memory accounts for almost 90 per cent of the people who claim they have blanked out.

One such phony victim was a Denver stockbroker who failed to report to work one day. A \$1,000 reward was offered for knowledge of his whereabouts. His grieving family considered him dead, probably a murder victim. Six months later his wife was stunned to receive a phone call from her missing spouse.

"I'm in New Orleans, dear. I must have lost my memory. But I regained it today while sitting in the park feeding pigeons. Please send me air fare home."

Back in Denver, his friends and employer hailed his miraculous recovery and he was interviewed by the press. But how he got to New Orleans and lived for six months until his amnesia disappeared, remained a mystery.

The mystery dissolved when his ex-secretary blew the whistle on the sheepish broker. He had failed, it seemed, to buy her a diamond ring as promised.

"The guy's a 14-karat faker," she told reporters. "We ran away to New Orleans and took an apartment in the French Quarter. When our money ran out and he wouldn't get a job, I came back to Denver. He wired his wife for money and came back, too. A real chiseler. Amnesia, my foot!"

**O**DDLY, amnesia rarely strikes youngsters. But from age 23 and up, memory loss affects some 40,000 Americans each year. If you are an excessive user of aspirin or barbiturates or other drugs, you may wake up to discover you can't remember your own name or your wife, your kids, your occupation. It's a real hairy sensation.

Abstinence from drugs for at least a week usually brings about partial memory recall, with total recovery soon after.

The alcoholic who blacks out is a sitting duck for amnesia. He may drink to excess for twenty years, then suddenly find himself disoriented and terror-stricken, without the faintest notion of his own identity or past.

Some diseases can produce amnesia. These include epilepsy, hysteria, melancholia, schizophrenia and other psychoses. But even if you are well-adjusted, amnesia can overtake you if your anxiety threshold is below par.

That's what happened to one of America's most noted social workers and writers—successful, middle-aged Raymond Robins, a close friend of President Hoover who was then in office.

Robins, a stickler for punctuality, had an appointment with the President for luncheon at the White House on May 16,

1931. He never showed up.

Since people just don't forget lunch dates with the President of the United States, the police were notified, state highway patrols were alerted, and the city of Washington was fine-combed for the missing Dr. Robins.

They all drew a blank. Says former Police Lieut. Edgar Smiley of the District of Columbia force: "It was the damndest blank I've seen in thirty years of police work. Here's a prominent man, on top of the world, who vanishes—presto, like that. We checked every state and fourteen foreign countries, but Robins might never have existed, for all the luck we had."

Men who even vaguely resembled missing Raymond Robins were roused from bed and hustled to police stations. Others were seized in clubs and stores and on the street if somebody said: "That could be Robins!"

It was all in vain. Robins was gone. People were sure he was dead. Gradually newspaper headlines died down, the story was put on the inside pages, then stopped altogether.

Six months later a Wilmington, North Carolina boy, lounging on the courthouse steps, saw a bearded prospector hike into town from the near-by hills. The stranger had a matted beard and was tattered, unkempt and weary.

The observant teenager had a keen memory; he thought the shabby man looked familiar. Hastening to the public library, the boy checked the back issues of newspapers and magazines. At last he

came to the stories and photographs of the mysterious Raymond Robins.

"That's the feller—the missing professor!" he told the chief of police. "Go get him before he takes off again."

When the policeman approached the prospector, the man said politely: "Sorry, you must be mistaken, officer. My name is Ned Jones and I've been hunting gold and silver all my life. Robins? Can't say I know anybody by that name."

The chief was persistent. "Come on, fellow, you're getting shaved, fed, and some clean clothes."

When the man was shorn of his foliage and pince-nez glasses were put on his nose, the chief looked at the photographs from his files and said in awe: "Call the White House, boys, and tell 'em we have the missing luncheon guest. The soup may be cold but it's Robins, sure as shooting!"

The self-styled prospector was placed under sedation in a hospital, given medical treatment, and gradually he came back to awareness. He spoke the names of his family and his professional colleagues. Then at last he exclaimed:

"Yes, I remember now, I am Raymond Robins! It's as if nothing happened, except that I had a long sleep. But what am I doing in North Carolina? And why did I say I was a prospector named Ned Jones?"

Nobody knew. Half a year of a famous man's life had been snipped away by the scissors of forgetfulness.

Amnesia is like that. And it's always hard to pick up the pieces. THE END



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## MAN WHO STOLE EIFFEL TOWER

(Continued from page 39)

France. And, like many true Frenchmen, he was sick to death of the Eiffel Tower.

One day he was contacted by officials from the Netherlands Government. They were prepared to offer any price, he was told, for any scrap iron he could let them have. Pierre smiled at this. Wasn't France herself in desperate need of scrap iron, too, he reminded them.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was struck with a fantastic plan. It was so outrageously impossible that it might just work. And the beauty was that it wasn't even illegal.

"No," he mused, "we have little iron to spare. Except—"

"Yes? Yes?" the representative from the Netherlands pressed him eagerly.

"No," Pierre decided. "It would do you no good. You could never find a way to transport it."

"Transport what, Monsieur?"

Pierre pointed out his window. "The Eiffel Tower," he said. "It is scheduled to be torn down in a few months. But to haul away the scrap would be a mammoth job. No, you could never even attempt it."

At first the official was skeptical. The tower had stood for over sixty years. It seemed impossible that it would suddenly be torn down. So Pierre showed him the official documents. And sure enough, they proved, without a doubt, that one year from the date on the papers the tower was to be demolished to improve the scenery of Paris.

Playing his cards carefully, Pierre suggested that the Netherlands official get in touch with his superiors in Amsterdam. The price would be high, he warned.

That night, after a fabulous dinner at Maxims, Pierre Emetenger and two representatives from the Netherlands sat down to business. Pierre requested a bonus of 10,000,000 francs for arranging the deal. This seemed perfectly fair to the Dutchmen, who had been prepared to offer even more. Naturally, Pierre assured them, they didn't have to pay him until they had made a complete survey of the structure, to be sure it was what they wanted.

The next morning, in an official French Government Rolls Royce, Pierre picked up his honored guests and escorted them to the Champs de Mars. The visitors spent almost nine hours going over the tower, from top to bottom. They were amazed at the huge amount of metal contained in it. And the French asking price—200,000,000 francs—seemed fair indeed, even after counting in an extra 10,000,000 francs for Pierre, their friendly go-between.

Like the true host he was, Pierre took his guests out on the town. They enjoyed the fine food, fragrant wine and exquisite women of the City of Lights well into the dawn hours. Then, in one last exchange

(Continued on page 78)

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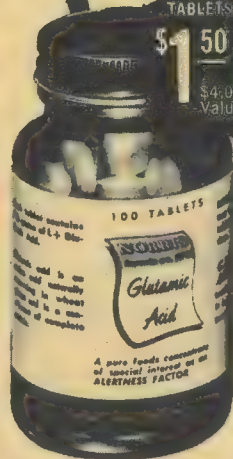
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of good fellowship, Pierre was presented with a certified check for 10,000,000 francs. Another check for 200,000,000 was dispatched by messenger to the President of the French Republic.

It was two days more before the awful truth dawned on the visiting Dutchmen, when their check was returned with a curt note from the Secretary of the Paris Council. France had no intention whatsoever of destroying her famous landmark, he stated firmly. It would stand forever as a symbol of free Frenchmen everywhere. And, he did not add, of the tremendous buying power of the visiting tourist.

Horried, the Dutch envoys tried to stop payment on the check they had given to Pierre. But it was too late; he had already cashed it and was several hours out of the country on a fast plane.

So now he's in Mexico City, still in the shadow of an authentic, if somewhat smaller, Eiffel Tower. He has pyramided his 10,000,000 francs into a flourishing business. He has few worries. For one, as an official member of the Reconstruction Committee, he had a perfect right to propose that the Eiffel Tower be sold as scrap to bolster the failing French economy. And that's good enough for the French police; they have no desire to speak with Monsieur Ermetenger.

As for the Netherlands, their payment to him was as a go-between. That Pierre failed to get them what they wanted is no basis for a fraud conviction. The same technicality that protects him from the French Government stands between him and Dutch justice.

The only people who are really mad at him are the legal departments of both countries because no one is sure exactly whom the Eiffel Tower belongs to now. If it should be torn down in fifteen or twenty years, no one can say for certain that the Dutch Government couldn't show up and claim the scrap iron. After all, they did buy it, even if the money was returned, and under certain laws have a right to claim their purchase by offering the money back again.

As for Pierre, he couldn't care less. He's got his own Eiffel Tower now. If you're in Mexico City, you ought to pay him a visit. His period is out of this world.

THE END

## OUTLAW MOTHERS

(Continued from page 31)

them the two girls now have twelve children, and both are drawing a handsome salary of sorts by collecting from California's "Aid to Needy Children" act.

In most states the problem of illegitimate children is settled more simply. The judge usually asks the girl who the father is, calls the lad in and tells him to get married—or else.

Quite often the girl has no idea who the father might be. In this case, the judge remarks that there are a lot of eligible young bachelors around town and hints that all the girl has to do is pick the one she likes the most.

This, of course, will be denied on all sides. But, as usual, we are prepared to back up our claims with unassailable proof.

A New York physician, with all of the tools of modern science at his command, recently proved that one in five "fathers" involved in paternity cases "could not have been the real father because of blood incompatibilities."

Dr. Leon N. Sussman, reporting that paternity lawsuits in New York City courts have increased almost 300 per cent during the past five years, noted that only one out of every ten men denied the charge and stood trial.

This is New York, remember, where there are more lawyers, legal aids and civil rights bureaus to protect the innocent than any other place in the world. Yet nine out of ten of the poor boobies charged in paternity cases plead guilty, knowing that all of the cards are stacked in the woman's favor.

Even when a guy decides to fight the case, there's only a fifty-fifty chance that he'll get away with it. About half the men are acquitted because blood tests rule them out as the fathers.

Dr. Sussman says that about one out of every five men who admits fathering an illegitimate child "could not have been the father," but they never know it because they don't go to the trouble of having a blood test.

These blood tests, according to Dr. Sussman, can definitely rule out a man as the father, but cannot determine who actually was the father. That is because a falsely accused man can have the same blood type as the father.

The figures on the men who admitted paternity, but were not the actual fathers, came from a study of sixty-seven cases in which the court had already ruled. The participants voluntarily agreed to have their blood tested. Six of the men were excluded as fathers and the scientific probability was that six more also were not fathers, according to the doctor.

Based on this investigation, Dr. Sussman estimated that of the 3,521 men who admitted paternity in cases tried in New York in 1957, about 700 poor saps were not the real fathers. The total number of cases that year was 3,941, an increase of 250 per cent from the 1,474 in 1952.

Dr. Sussman advocates that blood tests of mother, child and accused father should be ordered by the courts. He says they would prevent many cases from ever starting.

Blood tests are admitted as final evidence in only thirteen states, however. In the rest it's the girl's word against the man's, and you know who the judge believes.

In New York nearly 10 per cent of the 760 women ordered to take blood tests flatly refused, which is pretty good proof that the men had been set up as patsies, forced into a marriage they didn't want because some gal pointed a finger at them.

The percentage figure is much higher in other states where scientific proof is not accepted. The reason these states don't want to bother with blood tests and such is that they would have to help support

the child unless a convenient daddy is found.

In one celebrated case recently the judge didn't have to look much further than the county jail to find the father. A gal had been locked up nearly a year when all of a sudden she began to gain weight at an alarming rate.

The sheriff scratched his head, puzzled as could be. If she hadn't been locked up so long he would have sworn she was going to have a baby. The food, which consisted of black-eyed peas and sow belly most of the time, wasn't that good. In fact, most prisoners lost weight.

Old eagle eye kept watching, and the gal kept getting heavier. Soon it was impossible to hide the fact that she was pregnant. The county was up in arms about the scandal, and nothing would do but the sheriff had to select one of the jailers, his best friend in fact, to become the reluctant groom.

Instead of marrying them in his chambers, the county judge performed the wedding in a cozy little jail cell. The happy couple didn't have time for a honeymoon, though. The bridegroom was given a cell of his own for violating the jailhouse rules.

The sheriff and the judge, who found to their sorrow that you can't legislate against sex even in a county jail, had only one real regret—that such a thing happened during an election year.

Nobody to this day is sure that the jailer was the real father, but somebody had to be found in a hurry in order to put a stop to the scandal.

While this is an extreme case, it points up the fact that illegitimacy is fast becoming one of the nation's gravest problems. Relaxed morals among teenagers and young adults have virtually resulted in free love.

**I**N some sections of New York City one baby in every six children born is illegitimate. Sex has become so commonplace and State support so easy to get, that some parents don't even mind when their young daughters become pregnant.

There are many reasons for the increase in the number of love children. One is public opinion. Years ago when a girl had a baby out of wedlock it was a terrible scandal. She was no better than a prostitute. Today public opinion no longer regards an illegitimate baby as a disgrace.

Another reason for the increasing number of children born out of wedlock lies in easy adoption, which permits girls to have children without the knowledge of parents or friends.

Not too many years ago a girl really had to think twice about what was going to happen to her if she had a baby. Chances are she would be kicked out of the house as soon as her parents found she was pregnant. There was no one she could turn to, no way to support herself until the baby came, and no way she could take care of it after it arrived.

Today the procedure is simple. The girl merely leaves town for a while, "to visit friends" or "to get a job." Once she's in a new setting she can pass herself off as a divorcee or a married woman whose husband is in the service. She can work

(Continued on page 80)





## Questions and Answers

**What is it—Best Car Buys is a listing service . . . a publication which is sent you every six weeks. It is an organized effort to bring to you from hundreds of sources throughout the United States a list of new and used cars that you may purchase at dealers wholesale or below . . . it is an organized effort to screen from thousands of current wholesale buys the very best ones and present them to you in published form, describing the car . . . the equipment . . . the price . . . the address of the seller and complete instructions for buying wholesale.**

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**As an example let us examine a typical situation where the fleet user is an insurance company who buys 300 cars each year. To begin with they buy from the dealer who gives them the lowest bid . . . these prices are usually \$25.00 to \$50.00 over the dealers wholesale. After the company has purchased these cars they set up a tax depreciation on each car which will allow them to sell this car at the end of one or two years for a very small sum compared to its current market value yet justify this loss or depreciation from a tax standpoint . . . this is the first explanation. When the company is ready to buy another fleet the dealer who sells the new cars is rarely in a financial position or willing to take 300 used cars in trade on a gross profit of \$25.00 a car. Therefore, the insurance company must dispose of their own cars and this is usually done through the giant middleman or fleet broker who will bid and buy the entire fleet. Since his success is dependent on buying and selling as fast as possible . . . so that he can release his working capital for future bids . . . he sells price . . . for he knows that this is the only way he can unload these cars fast enough . . . his outlook on the car market is how much can he make on his investment in how short a time . . . not what the market potential is for a single car. His formula is simple . . . he divides the total number of cars into total price he pays the insurance company and adds a profit suitable for his risk investment and this is the price all 300 cars will be sold for . . . a very democratic action since among these three hundred cars some may be driven 9000 miles while others may be driven 40,000. You see it will be possible for you to benefit tremendously from this system.**

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or get money from the State. Even if she knows who the father is, she might feel that she would rather have her independence.

When her time comes, the girl has a number of choices. She can go to a State home for unwed mothers, where she will get the best of treatment until she has her baby. She can later keep it or put it up for adoption, as she chooses.

In some cases, the girls even find they can make a little extra money on the deal by going to one of the homes sponsored by those in the adoption racket. Here a girl is not only taken care of, but she receives from \$500 to \$1,000 for her baby, who is then turned over to a well-heeled couple anxious to have a child but not willing to wait for one from the regulated adoption agencies.

Yet another reason for the increased number of illegitimate births in this country is, strangely enough, the increased amount of sex education and the easy availability of birth control measures.

Kids who think they know what it's all about are often lulled into a sense of false security by using measures that are never really effective. Often girls are taken in by useless pregnancy pills and other such things which are passed off as foolproof.

This increase in illegitimate births is not confined to the poorer, less fortunate girls, who can't afford expensive fees for abortions, as can the high-class college girls who every so often go into the hospital for "appendectomies."

One recent case to splatter over the front pages of the nation's newspapers concerned a socially prominent Poughkeepsie, New York beauty who gave birth to a baby in a motel while on a roller skating party.

The girl, who had won several beauty contests and had everything in the way of material things, concealed the still-breathing child in a suitcase after it was born. Then she went back to her roller skating.

Her horrified father discovered the remains of the infant over two months later in the family garage. At the time of her arraignment, one bystander said: "She walked through here like she was going to a tea party."

The records show that the increasing number of unwed mothers who either do not know who the father is, or do not care, will in all probability raise delinquent children. The fact is, the illegitimate child of today is likely to be the unwed mother of tomorrow.

While Judge Gatto might have gone about things the wrong way when he ordered the California ladies to stop having children, there's reason to suspect that he might be on the right track. Perhaps it's high time that women who refuse to obey the moral laws be made to pay the full penalty for their actions.

As this article shows, men are all too often the victims of greedy women, who have the choice of receiving State support or picking the innocent men they desire to be their husbands. The only choice a man has is marriage or jail. It seems only fair that women should get the same treatment.

THE END

## VICE ON WHEELS

(Continued from page 27)

in Liverpool during World War II. I was one of eight children. My mother was a drunkard and my father a meek man who could not cope with her. He could not keep her from drinking, and he could not protect us from the blind rages she got into when the liquor was in her. His poor wages as a factory worker were not enough to support the family, much less my mother's liquor habit. When I was 6 years old he robbed a meat market and was sent to Winson Green prison, where he still remains.

From that time on we were completely at my mother's mercy. We hardly ever had a hot meal, sometimes nothing to eat at all. A strap hung next to the kitchen sink, to be used whenever we "got on her nerves," as she called it.

My brothers and sisters lived in terror of my mother. I hated her more than I feared her, and I hated my father as well for not standing up to her when he was at home.

A day hardly ever went by without one or more of us getting the strap. The other children screamed in pain and terror when she whipped them. I gritted my teeth and refused to give her the satisfaction of so much as a sob.

When I was 14 I had to leave school and go to work in a factory, sorting machinery parts all day. Working next to me at the same bench was a girl named Margery, a couple of years older than me. Already she had died her hair red, and like me she lived for the day when she could get away from her smelly, crowded slum home and the deadly dull routine of the factory. She had a girl friend a year older who had gone "on the road" and was earning three to four pounds (\$9 to \$13) a week by making the nights less lonely for the truckers. That seemed like a lot of money to Margery and me, and a much more exciting life than ours. Still, we held back for a time. We were frightened of making the big break, though we wouldn't admit it even to ourselves.

Then two things happened at almost the same time that pushed us over the brink. For one, Margery's boy friend threw her over for a girl with natural red hair. Then, a couple of days later it was my 16th birthday. I wasn't expecting a present from my mother since she'd never given me one before, but I did think she might at least be sober and treat me decent that day. Instead she was in one of her meanest moods. She started picking on my youngest brother for no reason at all, and when I defended him she gave me the strap. It was one of the worst whippings I'd ever had, but I still didn't cry. I just made up my mind that she'd never give me another.

The next Friday night Margery and I ran away. At quitting time we drew our pay envelopes and got on the same bus we always took home. But this time we

got off at Lime Street and transferred to another bus that took us to a pull-in about a half-mile out of Liverpool.

A pull-in is a place that caters to all the needs of truck drivers (except the one I was about to start taking care of). Each one has a large parking lot for the trucks, a lunch counter, gas pumps and a bunk room.

This one was crowded with trucks up from the south that night. Most of the drivers would eat at the pull-in, sleep there, then drive into Liverpool when the factories opened in the morning.

It was Margery's idea that we come to this particular pull-in, even though it was one of the seediest around Liverpool. The thing is, most of the better pull-ins won't allow hussies to make pickups in them. The owners can spot that kind of girl as soon as she comes in. Those pull-ins specialize in good food and tea and clean sleeping quarters. They don't need girls to make them popular, and the drivers who go to them are generally respectable married men who aren't looking for any illicit excitement.

The men who don't like to sleep or drive alone go to the more run-down places.

Prostitution is legal in England, of course, but soliciting isn't, so an owner who doesn't want pickup girls in his pull-in has no trouble keeping them out.

There were a couple of dozen drivers in the place when Margery and I got there. I guess we looked rather green, and the men weren't sure at first that we could be picked up. At any rate, none of them approached us right away and we weren't hardened enough yet to go up to them and make suggestions.

We sat at the counter and had some tea, then started to play the pinball machines that are standard equipment in all pull-ins. Just as I was finishing a game a man in his late 40's beckoned me over to a table where he was sitting alone. I felt a kind of chill of fear, and at the same time a thrill ran down my spine. I walked over toward him, smiling and taking care to swing my hips as temptingly as I could.

"What's your name?" he asked, looking coldly into my eyes.

I told him.

"You're too young, kid," he said gruffly. "Take a tip from me and go home to your mum and dad."

That suggestion, on top of the fact that he had rejected me, made me furious. I spun around on my heel and walked away from him, wriggling my backside violently to show him what he was missing.

THE jukebox was playing a fast American number, and on an impulse I grabbed Margery and started jitterbugging with her. Every few seconds I'd spin out away from her and twirl until my full skirt went up around my waist so the men could see my bare legs and panties. The wolf whistles soon started, and I could tell there were drivers who didn't think I was too young, once I'd laid my cards on the table.

Sure enough, before long a husky young fellow of about 25 came over and cut in on Margery. We'd only danced a few



steps when he asked: "Going south?"

"Sure," I murmured.

He was driving through the night to London. As soon as I consented he said: "Let's go."

He took me by the hand and led me out to his truck. I just had time to wave to Margery as I went through the door. I didn't see her again for nearly six weeks.

Once we were in the cab of the truck, rumbling through the dark night, I started feeling scared again. I should have explained before that I was technically a virgin at this time. I wasn't a prude by any means, and I'd done plenty of heavy petting with some of the boys at the factory, but I'd never gone all the way with a man.

I was a little bit scared, but also anxious to get on with it. The man drove for about an hour without even speaking to me, except to caution me to slide forward in the seat and keep my head down so that I wouldn't be seen. All the drivers are under strict orders not to carry passengers. When they do they have to be very careful not to get caught.

As we rode through the darkness the driver kept his eyes straight on the road, hardly even glancing at me. Finally I couldn't stand the suspense any longer and I decided to make the first move. Gently I put my head in his lap and let out a little sigh. Then I ran my hand up under the cuff of his trousers and started brushing the coarse hair on the calf of his leg.

After a few seconds he drew in his breath sharply and I could feel a shudder run through his brawny body. Then he barked: "Not yet!" and pulled his leg up to get my head off his lap.

For the second time that night I had been put off by a man. I sat straight up on the seat and folded my arms across my chest, gritting my teeth like I would when my mother beat me.

The driver reached over, put a big hand on my shoulder and pushed me down out of sight again. I rode that way for hours. We were on the outskirts of London when he finally pulled off into a pitch-dark lane. He killed the lights and the motor, then peered cautiously through the darkness to make sure nobody was around. He got out of the cab, came around to my side and opened the door. When I stood up he grabbed me roughly around the back of the knees with one arm and threw me over his shoulder. He walked briskly around to the back of the truck, opened the rear doors and sat me down on the ledge. Then he hopped into the truck, pulled me to my feet and closed the doors behind us.

I reached up and put my arms around his neck to give him a kiss, but he had no time for that. Roughly his hands went to the zipper at my waist and I felt my skirt fall to the floor. Then he was tugging my sweater up over my head. Within seconds he had practically torn the underthings from my body. He was breathing hard now, and he took me like an animal. Then he stood up briskly, as if he were glad to have that out of the way. He left me lying stunned on the floor, groping in the

(Continued on page 82)

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darkness for my clothes.

A few minutes later he dropped me off at another pull-in on the outskirts of London. At dawn I was sitting there sadly at a tea-stained table, thinking that now I was officially a woman. I counted my money. I had most of my week's wages from the factory, plus a pound note the driver had given me.

I decided to give myself a treat, so I took a bus into North London and went to a movie. I didn't pay any attention to the marquee, just went to the first one I found. It turned out to be a film about soldiers on a dangerous mission, driving trucks loaded with ammunition. Maybe that was meant as a warning to me, but if it was, it didn't work.

I was bone-tired, and after watching the picture once I slept through the next two showings. That evening I took a bus out to Watling Street, where there are a lot of pull-ins for the trucks that go between London and the industrial cities to the north, such as Birmingham and Manchester. The first place I went into was off limits, and the owner escorted me out in a hurry. I soon found a properly down-at-the-heels one, though, where a dozen or so other hussies were already on hand. Before long I'd made a contact and my career of vice on the highways was launched for good.

Of course, I could write a book about the men I met and the things that happened to me during the next three years. But there's room in this article for only a few examples.

It took me a while to learn about men. There were the men who ran the pull-ins, for instance. Most of them, I found, didn't let the hussies hang around without asking for some kind of reward. In some cases, the girl simply had to pay double prices for her tea and her sandwich as a kind of operating license fee. For the younger hussies like me, the charge would often be a trip to the back room, where we'd have to provide free what we sold to the truckers.

Of course, I also had to learn about the truckers, who, after all, made up the bulk of my trade.

ONE lesson I learned might seem amusing, though it was anything but that to me at the time. It happened at a pull-in south of Manchester about three weeks after I went on the road. I hadn't been able to find a customer in the lunchroom so I went out into the parking lot, thinking I might be able to drum up some trade among the men who were tending their trucks or taking naps. Finally I found a fellow about 30 who was cleaning his windshield in a remote corner of the lot.

When I came up and tapped him on the shoulder, he gave me a quick glance and turned away. Then he looked back at me again and said: "Blimey, you're a young one now, aren't you?"

I nodded and smiled at him.

"Let's get in the cab," he said.

He boosted me up, then got in himself. It was a warm night and he'd had the windows rolled down, but now he rolled them up. Then he looked at me and laughed nervously.

"How old are you, anyhow?" he asked.

"Sixteen," I told him.

"Sixteen," he said with a show of indignation. "Young girl like you ought to be ashamed of herself. What you need is a good smackin'."

Before I knew what was happening, he'd flipped me sideways across his knees and was pulling up my skirts. Then he started spanking me with his big hand. At first I thought he was just playing around and I giggled, but he kept on smacking me, and soon I felt real pain.

"Let me up!" I yelled at him over my shoulder. "It hurts!"

"Not just yet," he said through clenched teeth.

I tried to wriggle away from him, but his left hand rested firmly in the small of my back while his right kept smacking me. I was both sore and angry now, but as I'd done with my mother, I just gritted my teeth and refused to cry. I looked back again and saw that the driver was breathing hard and was red in the face. Probably from the hard work he was doing on me, I thought.

Finally he seemed to relax and released his grip on me. I rolled over in his lap then, looked up at him and waited for his next move. It was as big a surprise as the last one.

With one motion he opened the door of the truck and pushed me out so hard I stumbled and almost fell to the ground. Then he started the engine, and I could see him, laughing as he drove off. I was left standing there, throwing every swear word I could think of at him as I tried to adjust my clothes.

A few minutes later I walked back into the lunchroom, rubbing my bottom, and went over to a group of the older hussies and told them what had happened. I expected them to either laugh or sympathize with me, but instead they just listened calmly, as if I were telling them that the weather was warm or the tea was too expensive.

Finally, when I'd finished my story, one of them asked casually: "How much did you charge him?"

"Why—nothing—" I stammered. "We didn't—he didn't—I mean—"

With that they all broke into roars of laughter while I looked on completely puzzled. Only later did one of them take me aside and explain that some men get their sexual thrills by spanking or whipping girls.

"You should have charged him at least a quid (pound)," she said.

"That's really something," I told her, shaking my head. "I'd like to have a quid for every time Ma took the strap to me!"

That was only one of my lessons, of course. I had to learn other things. For instance, how much I could get from various customers according to how good-natured they were and what kind of attention they wanted. I learned which pull-ins offered the best customers. I learned the routes of some of the drivers so that I could make contact with the better ones whenever I had a chance to. Most important, I learned to sleep in the cab of a truck, which, nine nights out of ten, was the only bed I had.

Even as I learned these tricks of the trade and thereby made things a little

easier for myself, the novelty and excitement started to wear off, and gradually I realized that I had a hard and a dirty life. But the longer I went on as a hussy, the deeper I got involved and the further away seemed the days when I was a poor but chaste factory girl.

I guess I was getting to the end of my rope anyway that night I stood in the rain in the Midlands. I'd had an argument with a trucker I'd picked in Manchester. I thought the things he'd done ought to cost him at least two pounds. He wanted to give me only ten shillings. When I insisted that he meet my price, he slowed the truck to a creep, didn't even stop it completely, and pushed me out onto the roadside before I could even grab my dress and coat.

I stood there, drenched and chilled, for almost half an hour before a truck stopped and I was picked up by Bert, the man who will soon be my husband.

I had come to think that I could never love any man. I think what made me change my mind was that he was the only one who was ever really kind and unselfish toward me. When he saw me there on the road he never asked me how I had gotten into that condition. And he never for a moment tried to take advantage of it. He just helped me into the cab, got a blanket down from the ledge behind him and wrapped it around me. He gave me a drink of whisky to warm me up and told me to go to sleep.

Early that morning while I was still sleeping, he carried me into his mother's little home in Birmingham and they put me to bed. I stayed there for two days until my chills went away.

During that time they never asked me a question, just waited for me to tell whatever I wanted to. I suppose I could have made up a story, but somehow I felt I had to tell them the truth.

When I did, Bert didn't seem too surprised. I think he had been half-expecting to hear what I told him. He didn't condone what I had done but he didn't judge me for it, either.

It was this basic kindness that made me want to give up my life of vice even before Bert gave any indication that he might return my love. With his mother's help I got a factory job, and now I'm doing the same thing I did in Liverpool before I went on the road, sorting machine parts. But now everything is different. Instead of being bored and restless, I'm happy at my work, knowing that it's helping to build a bright future for Bert and me.

Above all, though, I have the feeling of being the luckiest woman in the world. A man like Bert is one in a million, and I shudder every time I think of what might have happened to me if he hadn't come along that rainy night when my life was at its lowest ebb.

THE END

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ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER



## THE DAY WE LIBERATED BERLIN

(Continued from page 19)

Now we had six men, two babes, a barrel of beer and a couple of cases of K-rations all piled in the jeep. There were four seats.

One of the Russians had a vile-tasting bottle of vodka. He must have strained it through his socks. It would have been okay if he'd been contented to poison himself with it, but he kept insisting we drink a slug every time we poured a round of beer. When Ivanho tried to explain we didn't go for vodka, the Russian pulled out a pistol and pointed it at his head. Ivanho must have used the wrong accent. At any rate, we figured a mouth full of that paint remover was better than a bullet in the head. Although, later, I had my doubts. My tooth enamel has never been the same since.

We drove into the outskirts of Berlin singing a medly of "Meadowland" and "You Are My Sunshine." There wasn't much to see. The bombers had pretty well flattened it and the Russians had shot up what was left. We came barreling around a corner of a row of ruined apartment houses and ploughed into a Russian truck heading toward us. There was a loud clang and we came to a sudden halt in a cloud of flying K-rations, beer suds and Russians. I was surprised to see the utilitarian underwear they issue Russian WAC's. Then my gal got off my chest and I pulled myself up off the cobblestones.

Our jeep was still right side up and didn't seem too beat-up. It had a cracked windshield and a bent wire cutter, but the motor turned over as smoothly as ever. The Russian in the truck was in worse shape. He couldn't get it started. We were trying to help him when another truck came around the corner and almost piled into us. A thousand guys with tommy guns got down and stood around scowling at us.

Pearson said: "Ten to five those little arm bands say 'MP' in Russian."

There was this ugly ape with steel teeth. He was either an officer or a non-com. He wandered over and stood looking at the dented fender on the truck. Ivanho started talking to him but he didn't seem to be getting anyplace.

Pearson said: "Don't tell me. He doesn't speak Ukrainian either."

"Nahl" said Ivanho. "He's some sort of Uzbek. I can't get across to him."

The sound of English made the guy look surprised. He said: "Amerikanski?" I said: "Dal Amerikanski!"

The hell with Ivanho. I spoke as much Russian as he did. The big MP grinned and threw his arms around me. "Tovarisch! Tovarisch djin!" he thundered.

I wondered how to tell him I wasn't that kind of boy. The Russians must have told their MP's to behave themselves. Or mabe Pravda hadn't switched its line yet. Anyway, it looked like we were in solid.

Pearson said: "Tell him it was an accident, Ivel!"

Ivanho pointed at the jeep and muttered something about the wreck. The Russian nodded wisely. He agreed it was a hell of a note and not our fault. He barked an order and two of the tommy gunners dragged the poor slob out from behind the wheel of the Russian truck. They pushed him over against the brick wall. The guy just stood there, looking miserable and cracking his knuckles, while the big MP gave him hell for wrecking our jeep.

I said: "Ive, tell him it wasn't the guy's fault, either."

Ivanho said something to the MP, and the big Russian said: "Da, Da, tovarischki."

He held up his hand. One of the tommy gunners brought up his burp gun and cut loose on the driver. The guy did a little dance, like a puppet on a string, as the bullets chewed at his guts and pinned him to the brick wall. Then the firing stoped and he slumped down in a bloody pile. There was a cloud of red brick dust hanging in the air, and I felt kind of sick.

The Russian MP turned and smiled at us with his big iron teeth. "Is hokay?" he asked. He was proud of his English.

We assured him of our undying gratitude and got back in the jeep. We drove around both Russian vehicles, and Pearson said: "You know what? I'm sober."

I said: "So am I. What are we going to do about it?"

"Find a place where we can get something to drink."

The place was called the Femina. It was in the basement of a bombed-out building. It used to be a hangout for homosexuals. When we got there it was full of Russians. There's very little choice.

Somewhere along the line we'd lost our playmates. When those MP's started smoking up the alley back at the wreck, the girls took off to powder their noses and we didn't hang around to wait for them. We didn't miss them. No sooner did we sit down in the night club and order drinks than we had company.

Half the people in the Russian army seemed to be women. I nodded to a chick with smoldering eyes and jet-black hair and she came over and sat down. There were only three chairs at our table so she sat on my lap. I didn't mind a bit.

Her name was Olga and Ivanho couldn't speak to her, either. She was from Moscow. I said: "For Pete's sake, Ive, don't tell me they don't speak Russian in Moscow."

"Sure they do," he said, "but I speak Ukrainian. And not very good at that. Not many Russians dig Ukrainian."

It figured. We had a translator who couldn't translate. Fortunately, Olga could speak German. Not any better than I could, but enough for the fundamental things in life. I asked her if she had a couple of friends. She said she'd see what she could do and took off.

I laughed at Ivanho and said: "Some Russian you are! You have to get a Scotch Kraut to ask for a date for you."

He grinned and said: "Well, hell, if only I could meet a nice Ukrainian girl."

Pearson said: "There aren't any nice

Ukrainian girls. None of them can run faster than their boy friends."

Olga came back with two more broads. Pearson and I looked at each other and he whistled. "Jackpot!"

He wasn't kidding. It was too good to be true. All three of the girls were good-looking. They weren't movie queens, but they were good-looking. Ask some ex-GI the chances of three buddies finding decent-looking heads on the same pass, and he'll tell you how seldom it happens. Someone always gets stuck with the fat one. But even the girl Olga brought for Ivanho was a doll. A little blonde with all her teeth. Pearson drew a well-stacked sergeant with a husky voice and bedroom eyes.

The Kraut waiter, a limp-wristed lad, brought a round of bilious-looking drinks. They cost a buck a shot and consisted of licorice-flavored green soda pop, with a little alcohol lost in it somewhere. It was better than the turpentine-flavored vodka the Russians were passing around, but not much.

We didn't have to drink much. The lights went low and a couple of Krauts acme out on the little stage and started to dance. One of them was a creepy-looking guy in black tights and a tuxedo jacket. His partner was a fat blonde as naked as the day she was born. They were doing a sort of artistic dance to the strains of a one-piece orchestra.

The dance was getting just a little dirty when there was a commotion behind us and a drunken Russian soldier stood up and started shooting. We never figured if he didn't like the act or if he'd gotten an advance copy of Pravda and hated capitalist warmongers. We tried to laugh the first couple of rounds off. They were kind of high and he seemed to be shooting at an imaginary airplane over our heads.

Then he got the range and put a slug right through Pearson's glass of green gunk. Glass and licorice goo splattered over us and the slug went on and took the German dancer in her fat thigh.

Pearson sighed and said: "Here we go again," and drew his automatic. He shot the drunk between the eyes and the 45 backflipped the Russian over a table and into the corner.

I pulled out my heater and stood up. We started edging for the door. Nobody looked like they wanted to stop us. Then I felt something round and firm and fully packed in the small of my back. I turned around and looked at the Russian MP who was pointing a tommy gun at my middle.

"Tovarisch," I said.

The Russian burp gun brigade backed us into the room. I said: "For Pete's sake, Ivanho, you'd better be able to talk this s.o.b.'s dialect."

As it turned out, Olga did all the talking. She started telling the MP's how we'd acted in self-defense and all that. It went over like a lead balloon. The head executioner looked at Pearson as if he were debating whether it would be more fun to boil him in oil or roast him over a slow fire. I figured we'd be lucky if we spent the rest of our lives digging salt in Siberia.

Then Olga said something short and



sweet. Three words. They sounded kind of like letters. The Russian MP dropped the muzzle of his tommy gun and shrugged.

We figured it was a good idea to quit while we were ahead. We steered the babes around the scowling guards and went outside. Behind us, a drunken chorus was singing "Meadowland."

We guessed it was about time we got back to our outfit, but Olga and her two friends invited us to a party. We didn't have to have our arms twisted.

It was some party! Just the six of us. Pearson's babe had liberated quarters for herself in a German house, the whole house. If a Russian sergeant rated a house, what did a general rate? Man, there was no doubt in Berlin who'd won the war.

I don't have to go into details about the party, you readers being men of the world. We spent the night there and I don't think we did anything that three other GI's wouldn't have done if they'd found themselves alone with a celler full of booze, eight feather beds and three well-stacked broads. On the other hand, I can't think of anything we didn't do. Although Pearson's sergeant was a little annoyed when he suggested swapping at 3 in the morning.

We drove back the next day after a very interesting breakfast—caviar on toast, washed down with Rhein wine and vodka. We'd driven maybe 40 miles before Ivanho said: "Hey, you know what? I bet those three dames were spies."

"Bright boy," I said. "How'd you figure that?"

"Well, this Olga. Did you notice how she pulled rank on that MP? And how come a lousy sergeant rates a mansion? That stuff we had for breakfast wasn't loot. They don't grow caviar in Germany."

Pearson grinned. "I've, as soon as we get back to our lines I'm putting you in for T/5. The CIC could use a guy like you."

"But those dames were spies!"

I laughed. "Sure they were. The MVD sent them all the way from Moscow to see if it was true what they say about American boys!"

That's how it went, all the way back to the division. When we got back Pearson threw the captain a sloppy salute and said: "Well, we went up as far as the Brandenburg Gate and nobody shot us."

The captain said: "Is that all you found out?"

Pearson growled: "For Pete's sake, Captain, what's to find out? The booze is terrible and the dames all have missing front teeth."

"Good God! That's all?"

"Roger. Over and out."

"Oh," said Ivanho, "I wouldn't say that."

The captain looked suddenly hopeful. He didn't really think I've knew anything, but he couldn't tell HQ his scouts had reported only the address of the Femina.

So the next thing you know, the Ukrainian lover boy is telling the old man about our dangerous brush with three, maybe six, MVD agents in skirts. Come to think of it, that gal Olga did say something like three letters to that Russian MP. And I never managed to talk one of the s.o.b.'s out of looking at my pass.

(Continued on page 86)

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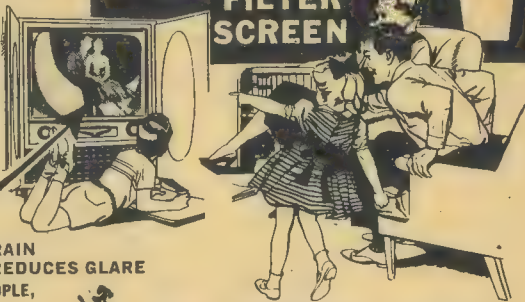
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But the real gasser was when Ivanho tells the old man about how the blonde he was with told him the Russian Army had sent her all the way from Leningrad to pick up American GI's and pump them.

"My God!" said Pearson. "You finally found a Russian you could talk to?"

"Nah, she was one of them damn Latvians. But she spoke English. Said they all had to learn it in spy school."

"She told you she was a spy?"

"Yeah, sort of. That was right after I told her I was going to take her back to Hollywood with me and get her into pictures. It never fails."

"We're going down to see the colonel with this, Ivanho!" said the captain. "If this is on the level, I'm writing you up for a citation!"

So the two of them took off in the captain's jeep, with the captain driving. He was no fool.

I sighed and said: "Gee, we were suckers. We fell right into the Russians' trap!"

Pearson grinned. "Some trap. Caviar, booze and babes, and all they found out is that we were trying to find out what they were trying to find out. I wonder what they'll make out of what I wrote on Natasha's underpants with her lipstick."

"What was that, Pearson?"

THE END

## FREDDIE MILLS: ENGLISH ADONIS

(Continued from page 37)

thing, that Lesnevich's face had taken a beating. His eyes were half-closed with swollen bruises, and his nose looked as shapeless as a Victoria plum which had fallen onto a concrete path. I was feeling better every round, but I still did not expect to hear from Ted Broadbobb what I did in my corner after the 9th. 'You're ahead on points now,' he told me. 'Just stick it out.' Ahead on points? That was some difference from the 2nd round."

This account of the action through the 9 rounds of this memorable battle, possibly one of the bloodiest since Tarawa, naturally must be sketchy because it was told by a man fighting on instinct alone, one who didn't know precisely what he was doing at the time.

For a more exact account, that of an eye witness to the carnage, we have the word of Frank Butler, a boxing writer at the scene:

"Lesnevich almost annihilated Mills in the 2nd round. Only a fighter as tough as Mills could have survived such a hammering. More remarkable was the fact that Mills the fighter came out for the 3rd round, displaying skill the like of which we believed he had no knowledge. He began to outbox Lesnevich with short left jabs, and by the 5th round the American champion looked a pitiful sight. His left eye was completely closed, blood dripped from his nose and mouth, and his legs were slowing down. The reason is that Mills had a complete blackout from the 2nd to the 9th and was automatically following the instructions Ted Broadbobb

was shouting from his corner.

"At the end of the 9th round it looked 100-1 on Mills as Lesnevich walked slowly and sadly to his corner. After surviving the savage 2nd round, Mills must surely and inevitably win."

And from still another interested party to this primeval struggle we have the comment of Jack Solomons, the promoter: "This was the most savage fight I had ever seen. In fact, sometimes I am doubtful about being remembered as the man who promoted it."

"Mills was battered almost senseless in the 2nd round, but by sheer guts alone he came back to break Lesnevich's nose, pulp his left eye, and go ahead on points."

Jack Solomons, possibly the most flamboyant promoter since "Tex" Rickard, goes on to describe the eventual ending of this brutal encounter.

"A desperate, mashed-up, but still ice-cold Lesnevich packed his remaining strength into a jaw-cracking right hander that sent Mills sagging on the ropes in the 10th round. A following right put Mills down for 8. A third right tumbled the gallant Englishman for a third time. At this stage of the game referee Henderson intervened."

Controversy comparable to the Dempsey-Tunney "long-count" still rages in the British Isles whenever this sudden and dramatic ending is brought up. In any English pub this subject can still quickly turn a friendly discussion into a bitter argument.

Referee Henderson on this occasion, it seems, counted two over the reclining Mills after his third trip to the canvas, took an appraising look and gave it up as a bad chore, awarding to Lesnevich on a technical knockout. The joker in the deck was the fact that the round had only four seconds to run, and in any event the bell would have saved flattened Freddie before the last count could have been told.

Henderson was summoned before the British Boxing Board of Control to account for his actions. The opinion of boxing officials was that the referee should have continued to count Mills, and was entitled to stop the fight only for the protection of Mills if the British boxer had risen and was not capable of defending himself.

This school of thought believed that Mills had not taken as much punishment in this round as he had in the 2nd, when the referee might have been justified in halting the fight. And had Henderson continued to count as was his duty, Freddie would have survived the round. Furthermore, could Mills have survived the fatal 10th at Harringay, he was almost certain to have defeated a half-blind Lesnevich, the victor, who had to be led to his corner at the fight's end.

In his own defense Eugene Henderson stated that he thought the whole question academic and at the time he felt he was saving Mills' life rather than damaging his professional reputation. Then, after some deliberation, Henderson further stated that "he was a referee, rather than a timekeeper." After voicing such logic, Henderson promptly turned in his referee's ticket.

For all the millions of words which have been spoken, both at the time and since, the entry in Mills' record still goes down as follows: Lesnevich, KO by 10. On the other hand, Freddie Mills had certainly proved the worth of the old adage, "beaten but not disgraced."

To understand the psychological impact of this sporting event, to know the emotional climate which caused such a grave wound to the British national pride, one has only to study the train of events, the background of what went on before.

**B** RITISH heavyweight champions have been a breed of men apart, a select group, unique in the grand Anglican tradition. There was Reginald Meen, an Adonis of a man who looked and fought like a classic piece of Greek statuary. Reginald was seldom knocked out with less than two punches.

There was Bombardier Billy Wells, whose ability to punch was exceeded only by his ability to hit the canvas with astonishing force. B.B. Wells went out in four and one against France's Gorgeous Georges Carpentier.

There was Joe Beckett, who even improved par for this course by going out in one and one against this same Orchid Man from the Paris Boulevards.

There was a character named Petersen, who raised the white flag of surrender to Germany's Walter Neusel three times. Of the three towels he threw, each was from a different prominent hotel.

There was a beast of prey named Phil Scott, who boxed and punched like a dream and only swooned when solidly thumped, thus earning the *nom de guerre*, "Phainting Phil."

There were others, including Jack Doyle, the "Darlin' Bye from Dublin," the Irish lyric tenor whose love life paralleled that of Errol Flynn, and whose only fistic achievement of note was the night he put Kingfish Levinsky "in a transom," and beat him so badly he had to have a "blood confusion."

Only Tommy Farr managed to remain upright and fierce against all comers. For this basic breach of tradition, Tommy is not revered and remembered with the same sharp nostalgia as are the others.

Conversely speaking, some English boxers of the lighter weights were terrible to behold. There was Jimmy Wilde, a man with the size and physique of an undernourished jockey who, some say, hit hard enough to bag a bison.

There was Jackie Kid Berg, the White-chapel Terror, who beat the late Tony Canzoneri except when the world's lightweight championship was on the line.

There was Ted Kid Lewis, who played Mr. Gallagher to Jack Britton's Mr. Sheehan with the world's welterweight championship over a period of many years and some twenty title fights.

Since the curly-haired, bulldog-faced Freddie Mills was never quite large enough to be a heavyweight, nor yet small enough to qualify for the lighter divisions, it might logically be expected that his performance would fall somewhere between the two, and that his talents should be a smooth blending of both and contain an element of each.



Such a supposition would be entirely correct. Though Freddie was too close to the British heavyweight picture ever to completely escape its erratic influence, on many occasions he was a genuine lion, much the same as the roaring red one which ran rampant on his blue ring robe.

Just previous to the big postwar boxing boom in England, Freddie had a conversation with Jack Dempsey, at which time the Manassa Mauler advised Mills to "forget about the big boys as he had no chance at the heavyweight title," and to concentrate on the light-heavyweights where "it was possible he could gain world rank."

To analyze what made the Bournemouth battler a real fighter in a land best known for its classically-proportioned heavy-weight buffoons; an iron man among idols with feet of clay; one has but to study the Spartan regimen which made Mills a unique British phenomenon.

"I quit school when I was 14," says Freddie. "I earned a pound a week delivering milk. My brother Charley was five years older and a good amateur boxer. We used to have a go at it in the back yard. Later I won several amateur trophies myself. At 16 I turned pro. My mother was dead-set against it, but my father reasoned that I was old enough to know my own mind. He thought that after a few good cuffings I'd gain some common sense and be ready to settle down to the milk route for good."

Shortly after his first professional fight Mills signed with the Chipperfield boxing booths, mainly because it was "the best

place to gain experience." The boxing booth, an English device, is a rough mode of existence, especially for a 16-year-old boy. Fifteen to twenty rounds of boxing a day are more the rule than the exception here. The experience angle, however, cannot be overlooked. It was in the booths that such fighters like Tommy Farr and Randy Turpin learned their trade.

King of the Chipperfield booths was the very rugged citizen Gypsy Daniels, who as a Welsh cruiserweight had knocked out the redoubtable Max Schmeling in one. From Gypsy Daniels young Fred received plenty of fatherly advice, untold ring lore and a tin, or cauliflower, left ear.

Speaking with a touch of nostalgia, Freddie states: "I fought in the booths for nearly four years. Both for Chipperfields and for Sammy McKeown—all for a wage of two pounds ten a week. Plus, of course, anything the audience might see fit to toss in afterward. It was really something to watch, the fighters and referee on hands and knees scooping it up. Particularly if we hadn't bothered to remove the gloves.

"I roomed with Gypsy Daniels for a while. When we hadn't a room, we sometimes slept under the ring. Even with the meager pay, I was still able to send home money to Mother most every week."

This might explain why Freddie Mills, graduate of a game not particularly noted for the lasting good fortune of its performers, still has a good portion of the 60,000 pounds sterling he earned by his fist efforts in the years immediately following the war.

It was in 1940 and 1941, while acting as a physical training instructor for the RAF that Freddie first attained prominence. His best wins were those scored over Tom Reddington; Jack London, a hardy perennial among British heavies, whose son Brian is best remembered for his 12-round stand against Floyd Patterson (or perhaps best unremembered is the correct phrase); also a nontitle victory over Empire middleweight champ Jock McAvoy.

About this time Freddie parted amicably with his first manager and signed with Ted Broadbitt, who guided Tommy Farr in all his big-money fights both Stateside and in England.

The encounters which brought Mills to the fore in 1942 as an international boxing figure were two smashers with Jock McAvoy and Len Harvey, both well-regarded in world boxing circles. Mills made shrift of both, kayoing them in short order—Len Harvey for the British and Empire cruiserweight or light-heavy belt. In this fight Mills stole a page from the script of Louis Angel Firpo when he put Harvey out among the ringside pews.

IN 1944 Freddie Mills tried for the British heavyweight title. He lost on points to the same Jack London whom he had previously beaten decisively.

Mills then did a stint with the RAF in Burma and India, which he found much rougher than the boxing booths had ever been. It was here he contracted malaria, a malady which would plague him

(Continued on page 88)



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throughout the rest of his career.

Less than a month after the Lesnevich shellacking in 1946, Mills was raring to go against Bruce Woodcock, later known in some quarters as the Mutilated Lion of West Riding, but at the time a brilliant young heavyweight prospect. This show, though it undoubtedly scooped all the loose bank notes left over from the Mills-Lesnevich encounter, was something in the nature of a consolation prize.

Woodcock was fresh from being belted out in 5 by Tami Mauriello, and Mills still had bells ringing in his head from the Lesnevich thumping. In this all-British natural Mills gave away much weight, dealt out heavy punishment, cut Bruce severely, but was outboxed and outwoted by the referee after 12 hard rounds.

Both the Mills-Lesnevich and Mills-Woodcock extravaganzas were promoted by one of England's most fabulous characters, Jack Solomons, an impressario in the grand tradition of Jeff Dickson and Tex Rickard. His methods are not to be confused with those employed by Uncle Mike Jacobs, the sage of Jacobs Beach and the world's most successful ticket butcher.

Whereas Mike Jacobs had most of the world's best professional talent sewed up with exclusive contracts and often empty seats in the house, Jack Solomons had only two big attractions—Freddie Mills and Bruce Woodcock. By adroit manipulation and smart publicity, Jack Solomons hung the SRO sign on most of the shows he promoted.

Solomons also had the temerity to challenge Mike Jacobs' God-given right to promote heavyweight title fights, an epic struggle which was unresolved at the time of Jacobs' retirement and was finally ended only when Lee Savold, Solomons' nominee for titular honors, was completely destroyed by an overaged Joe Louis in 5.

In November 1946 Solomons signed Joe Baksi—ex-coal miner, ex-circus strong man, ex-bum, and the exclusive property of Nate Wolfson and Whitey Bimstein of New York City—to head one of his all-star cards. Fighting in London, Solomons could offer Wolfson and Bimstein the choice of only two opponents—Mills and Woodcock.

As the opening gambit for his winter season, Solomons finally settled on Mills, with Woodcock waiting and available should an encore be necessary.

What Joe Baksi did to Freddie Mills shouldn't have happened to a nice guy which Mills is, or to a good light-heavy which Mills was. Suffering extensive facial cuts, numerous contusions and a certain numbness of the arches where the 220-pound Baksi had repeatedly stepped on his feet, Mills was forced to adjourn to the first-aid station at the end of 6.

Finding a diet of heavyweights a bit too rich, Freddie petitioned Solomons for competition in his own weight. If there was one thing Freddie Mills could do, it was handle European opposition of this type.

Mills got out of a sick bed the day of the fight to KO Willie Quentmeyer, the Dutch champion, in one. He survived a recurrent attack of malaria in time to swallow Enrico Bertola, the Italian champ,

in 5. This is the same Enrico Bertola who was later killed in a U.S. ring.

Mills next tried Floyd Marshall, a gentleman of color from Cleveland, O. and Sacramento, Calif. The site was Harringay, and this was the same Floyd Marshall who once stopped Ezzard Charles, but was now considered washed-up, a push-over, a steppingstone for a return go with Lesnevich.

The only one who begged to differ with this consensus of opinion was Mr. Marshall himself. Oddly enough, against Marshall Mills took the full count sitting down, looking at the blood which dripped from his nose and onto his glove, seemingly oblivious of the referee counting him out.

For the true word on this occurrence we once again turn to Frank Butler, who has been known as an excellent chronologist of English boxing:

"The verdict of an unbiased jury of 10,000 fight fans was that Mills was finished as a world title contender. Those punishing fights with Lesnevich, Woodcock and Baksi had taken their toll, and the only path left for Mills was the hard and crowded road of forgotten fighters.

"But there was a story behind it. Mills was not fit and not happy. He had had words with Ted Broadbitt. There were more words after the fight, and Mills threatened to quit the game that had brought him a fair-sized bank roll."

The next day Mills told Butler: "I am so ashamed of my performance against Marshall that I intend to spend the next three months thinking over whether I should get out of the fight game before I'm a punching bag."

So Mills went into the country and tried to forget. Working on the Cambridgeshire farm and the blacksmith's forge owned by the father of Eric Boon, former British lightweight champion, he began to get back in good health, mentally and physically. In September, 1947 he appealed against the "death sentence" of the fight fans who had witnessed the Marshall debacle by beginning his comeback.

Nowhere is the fine hand of Jack Solomons more evident than in the manipulations which moved Freddie Mills' comeback. First, Jack chose some rare and exotic types from the European scene—colorful but not too dangerous. The dis-

cernment of King Solomons on this occasion was remarkable.

The following were Mills opponents: Pol Goffaux of Belgium for the European cruiserweight title. Stephan Olek, a guaranteed stayer from France. Paco Bueno, the Spanish heavy champion, reputed to be a fearsome puncher. Ken Shaw, a shipyard worker from Scotland.

Mills stopped them all except Olek. Olek, who had a chin like a rock, went the distance but took a solid beating for his pains.

The comeback in high gear, Solomons next went to America, ostensibly to take in the second Walcott-Louis minuet. The real purpose of his visit was to rescue Gus Lesnevich from the protective custody of Uncle Mike Jacobs. There's no record that Gus or his manager, Joe Vella, protested, since this transaction included a first-class trip on the Queen Mary, plus a hefty packet of pounds.

It has always been Gustav's claim that he made more in his two battles with Mills under the Solomons banner than he did in his entire American career.

The second Mills-Lesnevich battle took place at White City Stadium, London on June 26, 1948, the eve of the Olympic games held at near-by Wembley. Few in the crowd of 46,000 fans conceded Mills a celluloid bulldog's chance in hell against the stiff-punching Lesnevich.

Perhaps Gus underestimated Mills, though how this could be true after their first meeting would be hard to understand. Mills, remembering the lightning-like right-hand counters of the first engagement, relates that he made up his mind to stop no more of them with his chin than he could possibly avoid. By the simple expedient of squatting slightly when he saw one of them coming, Mills did manage to keep from getting hit on the chin for the full 15 rounds. Most of them hit him either on the forehead or bounced off the top of his head.

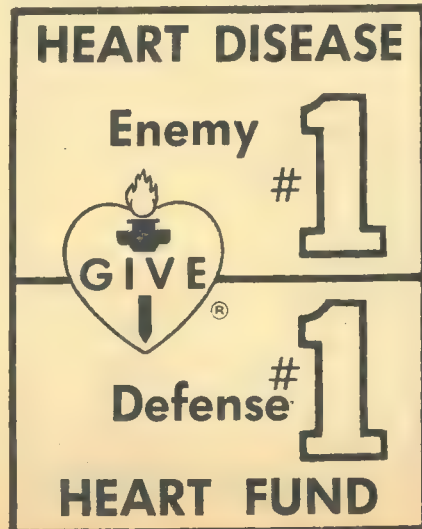
"It hurt to even comb my hair for a week afterward," Freddie later owned up.

Undismayed by the disastrous 2nd and 10th rounds of their first fight, Mills coolly formulated a startling battle plan. Gus would figure him to take it easy in the opening round as he had in the first fight. Gus would expect him to be gun-shy and to box defensively. Lesnevich wouldn't be worrying about the 10th because he didn't expect Mills to be around that long.

Mills proved both Gus and 46,000 cash customers wrong. Getting off fast and scoring heavily in the opening canto, he gashed Gus' right eye so badly that it took all of 4 rounds to tidy up the cut.

Boxing effectively if not brilliantly, Mills was slightly ahead when he faced the psychological barrier of the 10th round. In this three-minute period he sprang the surprise of the evening by knocking Lesnevich down twice for 9 counts and having him all but hung out to dry at the bell.

Now to the consternation and anger of the 46,000 who hooted and jeered, both fighters slowed down in the last 5 rounds to a waltz. Their jibes and jeers bothered Mills not at all. They were merely spectators safe from harm's way in the stands. The fight itself was a real entity, his to





win or lose as fate saw fit.

Mills boxed effectively. At the end of 15 the boos turned to cheers as Frederick Percival Mills' hand was raised and he became, in fact, the only Englishman since Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons (a Briton by right of birth though he lived most of his life in Australia) to win the light-heavyweight championship of the world.

In the final reckoning it must be admitted that the career of Freddie Mills practically ended with his startling reversal of form against Lesnevich. He won only one more fight, against Johnny Ralph in South Africa.

Mills' win over Lesnevich is all the more surprising when one considers that this is the same Lesnevich who twice lost hairline verdicts to Billy Conn before the war, and who at the time of his end as light-heavy champ was far from through, having twice kayoed Tami Mauriello.

In 1950 Mills signed for a fight with Giuseppe Beradanelli, known professionally as Joey Maxim. In this first title defense by Mills, his opponent performed oral surgery without benefit of anaesthetic, removing several of Mills' teeth, one at a time, before knocking him out, once again in the fatal 10th.

Getting knocked out by the power-puff-punching Joey Maxim was the final degradation, a real stunner which saw Jack Kearns making extravagant claims for the power of his protege. To the more cynical, it only proved that what goes up must come down; or that water, dropping often enough on a stone, will wear it out.

The whole thing can probably best be explained by the law of the softening mandible (jawbone), as expounded by John Lardner at the time of Lou Nova's fall from grace as the world's most durable heavyweight catcher because he had stopped too many.

Says Mills: "Things never were the same after the first Lesnevich fight. I used to have nightmares about taking those right-hand punches. Also the left hooks. Some of them were real blockbusters, you know."

Today Freddie Mills occupies much the same position in England that Jack Dempsey does here. Millions of people will never forget the days he reigned as champ.

Freddie now divides his time between movie and TV appearances, managing his Charing Cross Chinese restaurant—one of London's largest—and writing sports comment for a London daily newspaper.

Though he was well known in victory, perhaps Mills will be best remembered in defeat; and the words of Peter Wilson, England's best known sports writer, are his most fitting epitaph:

"The scene of the 2nd round, Mills versus Lesnevich in 1946, is etched in technicolor in the library of my mind. Freddie's description of it is quite accurate, but it is not a complete picture for it omits the essential quality which gave depth and significant form to what could otherwise have been a piece of ugly butchery. That essential quality was the flaming courage which transformed a barrel-chested bruiser into a brave man determined not to disgrace his country or let founder the wilting hopes of his countrymen."

THE END

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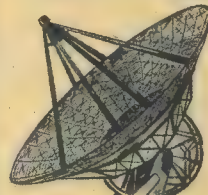
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## ESKIMO GIRL HEAVEN

(Continued from page 12)

thirsty, and hunger was a constant pain.

The fresh water in the lifeboat had given out at the end of the first week of his ordeal. At night he would lie spraddled in the bottom of the craft—oarless now—and open his mouth when snow fell, licking the drops and savoring the wetness.

"Where are you people? Don't leave me, for God's sake! I'm right here. I'm Joe Groves. I need you, whoever you are!"

For a moment he got panicky; there was just silence, broken only by the shifting and cracking of the ice floes. Had the voices been a delusion? Had his rescuers gone away?

But soon he heard young, feminine voices closer now, and the rhythmic dip of a paddle in the water.

"Do not be afraid, *kratouna*. We are here. Just put your hand out—this way—so! Grab this!"

Desperate, groping, the American thrust out a stiff mittened hand. Something brushed his swollen fingers and missed. He fumbled. The girls made another pass with a pole. He seized it, felt the two boats bump together. Joe Groves cackled like an hysterical woman at this first human contact in two weeks.

My God, just let me get my eyes open, let them focus on something. Damn this snow blindness! I want to see these people . . .

Now strong arms lifted him from the lifeboat which was lashed to the other craft. Groves felt a girl's breath on his face, the slightly rancid odor of reindeer fat on her hands, and then his head was cradled on a breast.

"Iglavik, you massage the *kratouna's* legs," said the girl who held him in her arms. She had an authoritative note in her voice.

"Manvaruk, you will row. We must hurry. White men like this one die easily in our weather. You may enjoy him when he is warm, well-fed and has his strength back. He is an able man, feel his arms. *Kudlunga*—wonderful!"

There was a quick exchange of words among the girls. Then he heard the plop-plop of oars in the water. Groves sighed with relief. The blindness was lifting; he made out a girl's face close to his own.

It was an attractive face, surprisingly light in hue, delicately-featured; not the usual dark and Mongol appearance of most Eskimo women. He remembered some of the things Billy Ong had told him of Eskimo life and customs during the long weeks in February, 1943 as their convoy had snaked across the Atlantic at a tedious 8 knots from Halifax to Murmansk.

"I once heard my grandfather, who was of the Muckik tribe, speak of another people whose members had pale faces like your own, Joe. Though Eskimos, they looked like Europeans or Americans; their

women were fair of skin and sometimes even blonde."

"A blonde Eskimo?" Groves had marveled. "Never heard of one."

Now the words of Specs Watson, the scholarly mate of the *Marwinda*, came back to Groves as the three Eskimo girls fussed over him in their bobbing oomiak, a boat with walrus skin sides.

"There were Norsemen who visited the Arctic Circle over 900 years ago," Specs had told him. "It's presumed that these Viking warriors remained on a remote island and had children with Eskimo women. Through the centuries explorers and scholars have speculated about a tribe of light-complexioned Eskimos with Nordic features, though nobody had any drawings or photographs of such people."

Joe Groves had been mildly interested. "Didn't anybody look for the tribe?"

The mate dipped into his memory which was a grab bag of assorted facts and statistics. "Let's see now . . . Yes, just before war broke out—it was in 1938—a Danish expedition headed by Dr. Niels Walberg of Thorvaldsen University set out in the regions north of Franz Josef Land to look for the tribe. Nothing was heard of Walberg again. That's pretty rugged country for Europeans."

The words were sharply etched now in Groves' mind as he huddled closer to his rescuer's breast.

As his snow blindness lifted the rescued man studied the three young women in the oomiak. They were virtually white. Their features were well-modeled, they had aquiline noses, and from under the parka of the one who cradled him in her arms protruded a strand of blonde hair.

Only a slight olive tinge to their soft flesh betrayed their partial Eskimo origin. Groves wondered if he had come upon the very tribe which expeditions had sought in vain.

The girl holding him looked down at him. "You—want to get warm?" she asked haltingly. "I am Timersit. Come, I shall take off your *kamiks*"—she pointed to his iced boots—"and shall chase the bad spirits from your cold feet."

Timersit rapped out a sharp command to the girl called Iglavik. Working with deft fingers, Iglavik—in whose eyes a peculiar glaze appeared whenever she looked hungrily at Groves—untied his boots and snipped through the stiff leather with a walrus knife. The rotting leather fell apart and the pressure on his painfully-swollen feet was immediately relieved.

He winced as his blue-white, enormous peeling toes were exposed to the gaze of the women. But Iglavik blew on them tenderly until Timersit shoved her aside roughly and said angrily: "I am the one who leads here! It is I who will relieve the cold fire and expel the demons from the *kratouna's* poor feet."

Matter-of-factly she tugged at her deer-hide pantaloons, pulled them down a bit and exposed a patch of bare stomach. Now she raised her beautifully-dyed *lootevik*, a rough shirt made from seal-skin, and more stomach was exposed, as well as the underside of her generously-proportioned breasts.

"Chimo—chimo—come to me!" she

crooned. "Put your cold feet on my warm stomach, *kratouna*. Do not be afraid. No man has yet died from this treatment." The other girls giggled at this sally from their leader.

Feeling embarrassed, Joe hung back. It didn't seem right to place his big frozen feet with their blackened and frost-cracked nails on this girl's lovely flat stomach.

"This man is modest and retiring," Timersit announced. "I like such a quality in a male. It means he is strong, filled with strength and power we can draw from him."

Now Timersit grabbed his swollen, throbbing feet and pressed them to her own flesh. After a while her body warmth began to permeate them. Groves lost his feeling of shame; the physical contact felt good.

Hungry as he was, half-frozen and just out of a coma, he felt the first dim stir of physical desire. The shipwrecked man smiled wryly. Wasn't this the damndest way to start to want a girl—with the woman cradling his big feet against her, crooning in a strange tongue and beginning to show evidence of her own female instincts in her slightly slanted eyes?

Groves mentally ticked off how long it had been since he'd seen a woman. What day was this? Tuesday—Friday? He'd lost count; one day in the lifeboat was much like another.

His last girl had been in Halifax the night before the convoy slipped out of the busy Nova Scotian harbor. The girl had been a cute trick, a barmaid. He'd given her six Canadian dollars and two pairs of nylons.

All during the long and hazardous sea voyage he had remembered her. When the interminable drills were held, when they had occasionally sighted a great black Fokker bomber far off like a waiting bird of prey, Joe had felt a spasm of fear and had desperately turned his mind from war to thoughts of women.

Memories of the Halifax barmaid and others had helped him keep down his anxiety, especially when the alerts sounded on the *Marwinda*, and the escorting corvettes and destroyers raced around like excited beagles, trying to sniff out the German subs lurking near by.

Joe sighed. I won't have to think of that Halifax chippy any more! These fair-skinned Eskimos go for me just because I'm Joe Groves, a man—not for my dollars, my nylons, or my Spam.

He felt good, and safe. The warmth from Timersit's body was coursing up through his legs.

The rowing girl, whose name was Manvaruk, turned around and gave him a longing glance. "Gaze ahead of you, *kratouna*," she said in a low, seductive voice. "We are coming home to Arpenteleq Island. There other women are waiting to greet us. I hope you are truly strong of heart and wind, white man. You have many great tests ahead of you."

Manvaruk's gloved rowing hand dropped to his leg and moved along Groves' thigh. Timersit was standing in the craft and threw a line to the waiting women on the icy shore.

The rowing girl reached into her parka



and pulled out a small and hard-frozen fish. She bit off its head as an American girl might clamp her teeth on a stick of gum. Groves shivered a little in disgust.

But when Manvaruk stood up, and the freezing wind outlined her pert figure, Joe forgot about the fish head in her mouth. She and the others all looked desirable to the dazed man.

At the sight of the white stranger glad cries went up from shore. Groves now saw some forty or more women, most of them light-skinned and exciting to behold, clustered at the little jetty where the *oumiak* tied up.

"*Kajak, kajak!*" they cried happily. He knew it meant welcome.

Another girl at the dock, bolder than the rest, walked up and touched him on the lips as he prepared to hobble out of the bobbing *oumiak*. The girl blew out her cheeks and made a loud sucking noise.

"Kiss-kiss!" she said mockingly, and everybody laughed. "All *kratounas* do that with lips, called kissing. This one too, yes?"

Groves couldn't help smiling. What a place! Filled with lovely creatures who couldn't really be called Eskimos in the usual sense of the word. Not bad, Joe; take it easy and you'll enjoy life again.

What the hell, he had nothing but time now. The war was a distant nightmare already. Where he was, he didn't know; when or how he would leave the island, he didn't care. And then he saw Kranorsak, the only other man on this island.

The sight of the Eskimo gave the American a sudden chill. As the women crowded around the white man, pawing at his tattered and icy clothing and chirping words of welcome, Kranorsak paused in his task of cutting at a mound of seal blubber. He stared darkly at the newcomer to remote Arperville Island.

Kranorsak was tall for an Eskimo. He had coarse stringy hair and a low forehead above a sullen Oriental face. On his upper lip was a scraggy moustache, and a patch of hair grew on his chin. The man's cadaverous cheeks were black and scabby from repeated freezings.

About 25 years old, but looking 40, Kranorsak wore old caribou skins, and a necklace of animal bones encircled his corded neck. He blew his nose into the snow and looked with contempt and hostility at the sailor.

The Eskimo withdrew his bloody knife from the pile of blubber on the ground. A fat puppy waddled close, sniffing the stinking heap. Kranorsak muttered something and raised his blade. As Groves watched, feeling sick, the knife descended and the little dog yipped once as his body was cleaved in two.

One half of the pup, the rear end, went flying into the odorous mound of blubber. Kranorsak picked up the other half by the muzzle of the head, gripping the dripping flesh as if he were ready to pitch a ball. Then he hurled it into the bay, where it landed on an ice floe which carried the grisly thing out to sea.

The s.o.b., thought Groves. I'd show him something if I wasn't so damned weak. Doing that to a puppy! Kranorsak wanted to show me how he feels about my coming here. Next time that knife

will be in my hide if I don't watch out for him.

Groves had no time for further worry about the Eskimo man. Timersit was tugging at him to enter a low-roofed, rectangular hut built of ice walls, a wood ceiling, and packed with hard-frozen sod in the chinks and corners to ward off wind and cold.

Bending low, the tall American almost had to squat to enter the house, which had a dirt floor covered with caribou rugs. A raised sleeping platform occupied almost half the space. After Timersit had lighted the *koodilik* lamp, which burns seal and whale oil, he discerned other meager furnishings.

There was a packing crate, washed ashore from some forgotten shipwreck, with the faded stencil: "DRINK BOVRIL—BRITAIN'S BEST!"

Timersit clapped her hands regally. Another girl slithered in, pulling a rusted metal contraption which the sailor recognized as a Primus stove. This is an efficient Swedish device which throws off considerable heat. It was one of the tribe's proudest possessions.

"Where'd you get this thing?" he demanded eagerly. "Have other white men been up here?"

From her leather sleeve Timersit withdrew a wicked-looking knife with a curved, razor-sharp blade, used for slicing walrus, battling wild animals, skinning flesh and fighting with human beings.

"On Arperville Island men do not ask questions of Timersit, the leader. You are our guest. We shall feed and protect you and you perhaps will take the place of Kranorsak and shall marry with us and implant children within us." Although polygamy is illegal with us, to the Eskimos it's a way of life.

She ran a thumb over the blade; a glistening bead of blood appeared. She licked it from her finger. "But please, *kratouna*, ask no questions! We want you to stay with us and be happy, not to die. I will be your nurse."

Now the girl smiled at him. It was a warm and generous smile, promising many things. She knelt down and expertly helped undress the puzzled man. She discarded his damp and vile-smelling garments, encrusted with sea salt, until she came to his lean, well-muscled body.

Her breath came in spurts now and she kicked at the servant with her foot. "*Pal-aghit*—clear out! I want some time alone with this *kratouna*. Then have the others bring him food and drink. A man is a better man if his stomach is empty, than if he is gorged and sleepy like a fat white bear."

**J**OE, who was graduated from high school in Kansas City, Mo., in 1936, had been around in the years before he found himself on desolate and unknown Arperville Island.

After school he had been a salesman of vacuum cleaners, aluminum pots, real estate and encyclopedias. But the youth had been something less than a glittering success at selling.

So he had tried wrestling professionally on a small tank-town circuit. The rewards

(Continued on page 92)

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were meager; a cheating manager took most of the purses he won. His next step was to become a truck driver. He didn't have much luck with that, either.

Unable to find a decent-paying job, and feeling a dim stir of anger after Hitler invaded Poland, he enlisted in the Army just before the draft law was enacted in 1940. But Joe Groves wasn't destined to stay long in the Armed Forces. In a fight with a burly Texan, who had picked a scrap with the good-looking kid from Kansas City, Joe hit the aggressor so hard that the Texan smashed his head against a barracks table. The fellow died from a skull fracture.

Groves was sentenced to two years at hard labor and discharged from the Army. Upon completion of his sentence, he found that the Canadian merchant marine—hard-pressed for seamen—didn't inquire closely into an applicant's U.S. service record. They accepted Joe readily.

He had completed two trips on the risky Murmansk supply run out of Halifax when the jitters finally overcame him on the third journey to the distant Russian port. At night he would lie in his bunk aboard the *Marwinda* and agonize about the German subs prowling out there, waiting to pierce the destroyer escort and knock off a vessel.

Maybe I'm chicken, he told himself, but this isn't for me. I die every time those damn alarm bells ring.

On that final trip only the cheerful chatter of Billy Ong, the gnarled little stoker, had saved Joe Groves from total despair. To keep himself occupied, he labored each night with Billy, who provided lessons in the pidgin Eskimo tongue. The other men were amused by the American sailor's diligence in studying the Eskimo words. They were to prove surprisingly useful to him in a very short time.

On the final lap to Murmansk the H.M.S. *Invincible*, a battle wagon bristling with 15-inch guns, had steamed over the horizon to accompany the convoy. With five destroyers and corvettes, plus the *Invincible*, it hardly seemed possible that a submarine could break through the cordon and unleash a torpedo. But one had. And the *Marwinda* was the ship that got it.

How long he had bobbed in the frigid, fog-swathed water, Joe Groves couldn't say. He had prayed—first for rescue, then for death when the hours passed and the icy torture of the sea ate into his limbs and chest like corrosive acid.

Miraculously a clanking, gray shape had bobbed close. Feebly he had put out a stiff hand—touched the hull of a lifeboat. It was empty, fairly well-provisioned, with fresh water casks which soon froze. There were wet blankets and a bottle of rum, which restored a measure of circulation and hope to the wet and miserable seaman.

The lifeboat had been no Ritz Hotel. It was rugged from the start. After three days of drifting in the long Arctic night, broken only by a few bleak hours of foggy daylight, Groves had been ready to call it quits.

On the twelfth day, just before his rescue, he had sighted a nightmarish animal lying on an ice floe. As his boat drifted

near, Groves saw it was a walrus.

"Hello, friend! Gee, I'm glad to see something alive out here," he babbled. The great gray hulk weighed tons; the little eyes glared balefully at the man. "How about it—want to be pals?"

With a sudden threshing of its flippers and a roar which stunned Groves, the walrus slid off the ice and dived under the lifeboat. He bumped it many times angrily, maliciously, with his scaly, barnacled back. The terrified seaman clutched the sides as the craft rocked. It began to take water.

Then, tiring of the sport, the huge animal slid away in search of fish, and Joe Groves sank into a stupor from cold and fright. Roused from this state, he had heard the girls' voices from the sea . . .

And now he was here on an island, in a warm hut, taken care of by a lovely girl.

Finally the American asked the girl a question which had plagued him since he set foot on the island earlier that afternoon.

"Tell me, Timersit, why are there only women in this place and just one man, that fellow Kranorsak? Where are the men?"

With some reluctance Timersit provided the answer while nestled in his arms. As Joe had half-suspected, these girls were descendants of the Norsemen who had penetrated this polar wilderness 900 years earlier.

Off the shipping lanes by 800 miles, wreathed in fog most of the time, and sealed off by a vast field of ice and bergs, Arpirtileq Island had remained virtually a myth through the centuries. The existence of these fair-skinned and voluptuous women of the far north had been suspected, but never verified, by Arctic specialists and geographers.

Timersit continued: "Thanks to our white ancestry, we proved stronger than our men over the years, *kratouna*. Gradually there were more women on the island than men. We were very selective in choosing mates. Our *aratavik*, the old woman who keeps the memories and legends of our tribe in her head, warned us that the women of the island throughout the ages always used the utmost care in picking lovers.

"We have sought out tall, fair-skinned Eskimo men, not wanting our children to be short and squat like the Pumiyoos, the Koodlotooks and other tribes far to the south of us."

During an epidemic a few years earlier, sickness (which Groves thought could have been scurvy) had carried off the surviving males. Only the ugly but still useful Kranorsak remained to serve the girls. Joe sensed that Timersit and the others were heartily sick of the cruel fellow by now.

"But there must have been other white men—we call them scientists or explorers—who came up here from time to time," Groves persisted. "I can't believe I'm the first *kratouna* to visit you."

A suspicion winged across his mind. "And what about that Primus stove, Timersit? You women didn't build it or find it. It came from Sweden or some other Scandinavian country. Somebody brought it here!"

Again she proved evasive. "It is not

wise to ask more questions, *kratouna*. I have told you as much as I did because I like you."

Joe Groves was just a man, and a very human and weak one at that. Timersit's lips proved more attractive at the moment than did the origin of a rusty Primus stove. He forgot about his question and made love to the girl.

At last Timersit said calmly: "The *kratouna* enjoyed himself, yes? You will eat now. There will be the festival of Mikkittoo tonight and then more wives afterward."

"Maybe I should get a little sleep first. I'm game for anything, lady, but that lifeboat was no bed of roses—"

She ignored the remark. Still glistening with the faint sheen of animal oils, the girl rose languorously and trimmed the *koodilik* lamp which was beginning to smoke. Timersit then took an empty oil drum from a corner of the hut. Using a reindeer thigh bone as a striker, she hit the metal and a ripple of not-unpleasant notes filled the cabin.

"Our women will bring you food now, *kratouna*. Eat well. Relax. This will be your dwelling place. I am going to my own house to dress for the Mikkittoo."

At the low door of the hut she hesitated. "Conserve your strength, my *kratouna*. Your big test lies ahead tonight."

Moments later three girls entered bearing trays hewn from driftwood and laden with steaming bowls of mysterious food, whose odors both attracted and repelled Groves.

"You eat this, good for a man, give a *kratouna* great strength," said one girl with a giggle. Her name, she told him, was Shik Shik.

He liked her. Though her habits, customs and language were Eskimo, her physical appearance was European. She might have been a gay and mischievous Parisian street girl. Shik Shik had a well-scrubbed look and merry blue eyes set in a heart-shaped face. Her hair was soft and auburn, her fingers slender, her ankles trim. He smiled.

"You look just like Pearlre Freeman, Shik Shik. Pearlre was the cheerleader at my high school. But she never gave me a tumble; she went overboard for our star halfback. Maybe you and I will do better together."

Shik Shik didn't understand. So she said hopefully in pidgin talk: "You must drink this now, *kratouna*, it will race like fire in the blood."

She held forth a bowl containing a steaming dark fluid. He spooned it up with a whalebone utensil resembling a spoon. "Mmm, not bad. What is it?"

Another girl, a quiet one named K'muna, told him. "It is blood of *t'krtu*, the walrus, mixed with fat of the great whale. We serve it only to important people."

He gagged and handed the remainder of the bowl to K'muna, who murmured her thanks and ate it greedily, licking the blubber from her fingers as if it were chocolate.

Next came boiled moor hen and bilberries, which he found delicious. Shik Shik squatted on the earth floor and popped each bilberry into his mouth. The



girl gazed adoringly at him. Groves wore just his tattered dungarees. His chest was bony and his stomach was flat as paper, for he had almost starved in the lifeboat.

Shik Shik ran her hands admiringly over Joe's taut skin. His hunger somewhat appeased, he now turned to the girl with curiosity. She was not more than 18, a desirable creature in any man's country. Joe Groves felt a leaping desire, though he had just risen stiffly from the frantic embraces of the older and infinitely more experienced Timersit.

The other food bearers wanted to stay and watch him and Shik Shik. The women jabbered and he caught some of the words. "Get out!" he shouted. "Clear out now. I want to be alone with Shik Shik."

Reluctantly, showing anger and jealousy in their sullen faces, K'muna and the third girl backed out of the hut on all fours.

Tears glistened in little Shik Shik's eyes. She pulled Groves' bearded face close to her lips and smiled shyly.

After a while Groves heard a rustling noise at the low door to his hut. He wheeled around to confront Kranorsak. The rancid odors of animal fat, blood and his unwashed body filled the dimly-lit room like an evil miasma. In Kranorsak's hand was the blubber-slicing knife with which he had dismembered the puppy.

The unwelcome visitor said: "You are an intruder on the island, a vile white *kratouna*. This girl Shik Shik was a virgin until you arrived."

Kranorsak tightened his grip on the knife, still crimsoned by the dead dog's blood. He prepared to throw it at Groves, aiming for the genitalia. The seaman kicked out with his right foot and the near-by *koodilik* lamp overturned, extinguishing all light in the hut.

Shik Shik cried out in fright. Snaking along on his stomach, Groves headed for the door and threw a powerful arm around Kranorsak's thick neck, squeezing hard. With his free hand the American picked up the hot and smoking oil lamp and ground it against the Eskimo's perspiring face. The odor of singed flesh now mixed with the other smells from Kranorsak.

Stoically the Eskimo didn't moan or whimper. The smell of his burning nose and cheeks sickened Groves.

"Dirty spying bastard, I'll teach you a lesson!" the white man said. He pressed the hot lamp tighter to the man's skin. "And this is for that pup you butchered—remember?"

After long minutes of torture Kranorsak cut loose with a howl of anguish which echoed like a sledge dog's moan of pain. He tore loose from Groves' hammer lock and frantically scurried backward like a crab through the small door.

Shik Shik, pale and taut with fear, was dressing now.

"It is time to prepare for the Mikkittoo tonight, *kratouna*. If Timersit hears I was with you—she will kill me. I must go."

He felt a twinge of pity for the girl. It was as close as Groves had ever come to experiencing love.

"Come back again, Shik Shik! I will treat you well. I—I really like you. Please come back."

But she left, and he slept, utterly spent, for two drugged hours. When he awoke,

Groves discovered that strong female arms were laving him with oil. It was a pleasant sensation; he didn't protest.

Outside in the icy clearing he could hear the hum of women's voices and the thumping of gourds and oil drums in a strange but stirring rhythm which he found exciting.

The girls who were oiling him suddenly ceased their labors as a new person entered the room. This was an incredibly old woman, toothless and white-haired, her face a network of tiny wrinkles. Only her bright, inquisitive eyes showed enormous vitality in the sagging skin which looked like that of a corpse.

"It is our *aratavik*, the Old One, mistress of the Mikkittoo ceremony!" whispered one nervous girl.

The six girls in the hut bowed low to the wrinkled woman. Joe squinted at the crone. He smiled. These girls were actually afraid—terrified—of the old biddy. But why? She seemed harmless enough, a small and shrunken figure in a flabby sealskin coat, with heavy boots on her shaky legs.

Around the *aratavik's* scrawny neck hung a strand of beads. When she approached the white man he looked closely at the necklace and felt his first twinge of uneasiness—or fear. They weren't beads or ornaments. They were tiny skulls, expertly carved death's heads, no larger than walnuts, strung together. The tiny and sinister heads had been carefully whittled from walrus tusks.

As the old woman approached Groves he was startled to notice a small pointed instrument in her splotched and veiny hand. It looked like the sharpened bone of a small animal.

The *niversaks*—girls under 20—put aside their oiled rags. At a nod from the crone they seized Joe and held him firmly, despite his slippery oiled skin.

"*Chimo*—greetings, *kratouna*!" the ancient woman said in a voice like a rusted hinge. "Be calm, white friend, this will not hurt."

**T**HE girl Manvaruk, who had been the rower in the boat, swabbed his upper right arm with a bit of caribou fur dipped in a pungent-smelling herb. The old woman bent down and pierced his flesh at that spot with the bone instrument. She then put her wrinkled lips to the arm, sipping greedily. Flecks of Groves' blood appeared on her shriveled chin and cheeks.

At last she made a sign and the girls released the man. The *aratavik* hobbled out, smiling enigmatically. The necklace of tiny skulls jingled ominously around her skinny throat.

The American felt sick and horrified. What the hell was this? Some new kind of Dracula bit? He felt he was in for a rough evening, that the Mikkittoo ceremony, whatever it might be, would be revolting to a civilized man.

He now realized that they were wholly primitive, as aboriginal as any tribe in the heart of Africa or the dark interior of Australia or the Amazon. Only their good looks, their femininity and so-called Nordic appearance had deceived him.

(Continued on page 94)

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Groves almost wished he were back in the frigid Arctic Sea, rocking alone in his lifeboat, awaiting death. There the danger was from known hazards. Now he faced the unknown.

But he had no time for further worry. A new girl crept in through the low arched doorway, one he had never seen before. Her eyes seemed to be glazed over, as if she were in a trance.

"Bring out the *kratouna*," she ordered in a reedy, far-out voice. "Timersit and our *aratavik* are waiting to begin the Mik-kitto."

It was a dreadful ceremony. Bundled in sealskins—but still almost nude and oiled—the American was placed on a rotting log where he was guarded by four girls armed with pikes and gleaming knives. The raw Arctic night was bitter, the cold was choking. His legs felt like pillars of ice, but he soon forgot his discomfort as he stared at the spectacle before him.

Every girl on the island was present. Forty of them sat in rows, like huddled furry animals, around a huge, crackling fire which was nourished from time to time by bowls of seal oil thrown over the flaming brands. They were chanting, their eyes were closed, and their pale faces were contorted and strained as spittle dribbled and froze on their cheeks. They sang an ancient incantation to the devil.

On a raised platform six girls in blue-dyed fur vests—emblems of authority—pounded on oil tins which had been washed ashore or brought there by some bygone expedition. On slightly elevated seats were Timersit and the crone who had sipped his blood.

Timersit's eyes glittered feverishly. Around her neck was also a necklace of tiny skulls. She wore a hood of pure white fur, another leadership symbol, as did the old *aratavik*.

The *aratavik* clapped her gloved hands for silence and stood up, supported by Timersit, while she chanted in a dialect unknown to Groves. But he thought he detected occasional Danish words, remnants of the tongue of the ancestors of these light-skinned savages.

The crone sat down, exhausted, and Timersit took over. Now she reverted to the usual patois of the tribe and Joe understood enough of it. She fingered the ghostly beads and intoned: "Bring forth the sledges with their ice cargoes, so our *kratouna* may see for himself what awaits the loser of tonight's contest."

Uncomprehending, the seaman stared at the silent women all around him, not knowing what to expect. Preceded by four girls blowing reed instruments made from bone, a party of girls tugged at two heavily-laden sledges which scraped and rumbled over the frozen ground.

Excited dogs, angered by the sight of women pulling their own usual burdens, snapped and bit at each other. The dogs were confined in a rude stockade 50 feet from where Groves was sitting.

As the sledge-pullers drew closer, the white man peered at the loads they were transporting. At first he thought there was a gigantic cake of ice lashed to each sledge. What the hell were they pulling ice for? Each cake must have weighed 500 pounds or more. But when the sledges

passed close to the watching man, a wave of incredulity and sickness swept him from head to foot. His guts churned.

There were men in the ice cakes! Dead and frozen stiff, probably entombed there for years—but men, nonetheless.

"My God, they're white men!" Groves whispered to himself, trembling violently. "These bitches have preserved them in ice. They're as bad as cannibals. The old one drinks blood and the young ones do things like this."

Timersit spoke loudly now, her words ringing like flint in the freezing air. "Yes, *kratouna*, these are men of your race kept by our tribe in the eternal ice. That one"—she pointed to a mammoth ice block containing a young man with blond whiskers and a sensitive mouth—"came here six years ago. He failed to pass the test of combat and was considered a weakling. We placed him in the ice to remind future visitors that only strong men can survive on Arpertileq Island."

Groves licked his suddenly dry lips and stared at the other male specimen preserved in a monstrous ice cube fully 6 feet high. This corpse had been about 40 years old at the time of his entombment. He wore a Danish decoration pinned to his coat and his trim Van Dyke beard had flecks of gray in it.

"That one," continued Timersit, "called himself Prof. Walberg. He came here much later, carrying a machine with a needle that trapped our voices and repeated our own words and songs to us. A bad thing, that box; it contained an evil spirit. So the *kratouna* called Walberg had to die. We burned his machine and the spirit in our fire."

She blew a flute-like instrument, a pierced walrus tusk, and from an igloo, the only one on the island, crept the Eskimo man Kranorsak. He was enveloped in a sealskin robe, but at a command from Timersit the girls yanked it off and the fellow stood up, almost stark naked and covered with oil.

Ugly blistered welts covered his face, nose and forehead where the *koodilik* lamp had been pressed to his flesh by Groves. Kranorsak grunted his hatred of Groves and approached in a low, wary crouch.

**O**THER excited women tore the cloak from Joe Groves' oiled body and the American leaped to his feet, troubled but alert and ready for combat. So this was what they wanted! A battle royal between two nude and greased men without weapons.

Timersit herself announced the rules: without weapons, they were to hit, gouge, kick and pound at each other's slippery and elusive flesh until one or the other fell exhausted and was killed by the victor—or by the women in a mass attack.

It was a game Groves knew something about. Weak though he was, still suffering from malnutrition and utterly weary from love, he remembered his days as a high school varsity wrestler and his six months on the road as a professional grunt-and-groaner, working for peanuts and a greedy manager.

"Come on, Kranorsak!" he taunted. "I'll show you a hold that wowed 'em in Des Moines. And a really dirty one that made

the rubes holler in Omaha."

Kranorsak was strong and artful. He used his teeth, chomping hard on Joe's oiled arm and drawing blood. Once he tried to bite the sailor's jugular vein, but Groves kicked him in the groin and the Eskimo winced and released his grip.

Even the dogs had stopped their whining and snapping to watch the struggle. The *aratavik* was on her feet, squinting avidly in the firelight at the wrestlers. Timersit sat immobile, eyes beady and lustful, drinking in the sight of the oiled and bloodied masculine bodies.

A warm vapor rose in the freezing air from the men's heated flesh. Off in a corner Shik Shik, a reluctant spectator, averted her eyes and wept. But the other girls sucked in their breath and munched fish heads and made lascivious remarks to each other as they sized up the men.

One girl, the quiet one called K'muna, spat in the snow with anger as Groves thumbed Kranorsak's left eye, closing it permanently. She slipped a harpoon to the Eskimo when it became evident that he would not long survive the battering from the white foe.

Kranorsak wheeled, aiming this new weapon at Groves' unprotected face. The American swerved; the barbed point raked his chin. Lowering his aching head, Joe drew back and ran full tilt at Kranorsak, butting him in his hairy stomach and causing him to go down like a stone into a snowdrift.

Groves picked up the harpoon, thought of using it on the Eskimo, but threw it into the fire instead. The fight was over.

Kranorsak lay panting, daubing the snowbank with blood from his heaving body. Silently Timersit descended from her dais carrying a richly-ornamented jar. She spooned up a gob of blackish fat from the receptacle.

"Eat it now, Kranorsak," she said curtly. "You know our penalty for losing."

There was no fear in the man's battered face, merely stoic resignation. He swallowed the unpleasant-looking stuff and began to twitch violently. Within minutes his arms and legs were at the height of a frenzied jerking, like a large insect impaled on a pin. Then he was quiet.

"What was that stuff—poison?" Groves muttered, again wrapped in the warm animal skins the girls threw over his sweaty body after kissing his hands and feet in token of his victory.

"It is the decayed liver of a bear, *kratouna*. One mouthful and a person goes swiftly to meet his ancestors or the demon spirits."

Fascinated, the seaman watched as a squad of businesslike, fur-clad girls lifted Kranorsak's corpse onto a sledge and hauled it to the ice-rimmed beach. Down there was a large rectangular pit hacked from the frozen ground, which was as hard as tundra.

The old *aratavik* fingered her necklace of skulls, murmured an incantation, and the girls dumped the Eskimo's body into the hole. Chanting, a brigade of women passed gourds of snow, melted over the blazing logs, from hand to hand and poured the water on Kranorsak's remains.

"Tomorrow the pit will be frozen over and then Kranorsak's body will be lifted



with the ice and added to the other men we have preserved," Timersit said proudly. "He died well and our women will wish to remember him. Though ugly, he was a stalwart lover. May you exceed his strength, *kratouna*."

He felt disgust and fear. They were savages, they believed in magic, they thought only of their own physical needs. Up here a male was completely expendable.

He tried to banish from his mind the thought of his own fate if he didn't continue to please these women in every respect.

After Kranorsak was covered with icy water, the women gathered in a circle around Groves and sang his praises in a weird hymn. Timersit became ardent and slipped her cold hands under his furs, placing her palms against his bloodied chest.

"You are now the only man on Arperitileq Island, *kratouna*," she murmured. "We respect you, for you are brave in battle as well as superb in the arts of love. From this night on you will take Kranorsak's place and we shall share you, honor you as our husband, and bring you sweetmeats, much reindeer fat, and the intestines of a walrus as a special delight."

Suddenly Groves was violently sick to his stomach, revolted by the fight, the events of the crowded day, the ardor of these savage, almost-white women.

But Timersit, aroused, was not to be put off. "Chafe his wrists with snow and bring the *kratouna* to my hut," she ordered. "I will be finished with him in the morning and then he can rest. Meanwhile, with our *aratavik* watching to ensure honesty, you will draw lots for the *kratouna* Groves, who will be ready to serve the winner tomorrow night."

BY his own notches cut into a piece of driftwood, Groves was on Arperitileq Island for 176 days and nights. Within a few weeks the novelty of sleeping with a different wife every night, and sometimes two and three a night, had palled on him. He began to hate and dread the daily lottery with himself as the grand prize.

Groves was happy, though, whenever Shik Shik was the winner of the daily gamble for his love. Indeed, when a plain-looking girl named Oopik picked the long stick one morning and triumphantly claimed him, the sailor took her aside and whispered:

"You like this watch, Oopik? Hold it to your ear and listen. A good spirit lives in it and will protect you from evil. It will always talk to you in the tic-tic language. Take it and have Shik Shik come to your house. It is she I want."

Desire for Groves was mingled with a yearning for the watch in the girl's heavy-featured face. "I will take the machine-that-speaks," Oopik finally announced. "Perhaps I will win you again in a few days, *kratouna*."

Never had Shik Shik's embraces been so welcome to Groves as that night. He hoped that Oopik would conceal the watch and not blab to Timersit about the switch.

As the weeks passed the sailor became

more moody and despairing. He would stalk the frozen shore for hours, peering at the eternal fog and always hoping for the sight of a ship or the drone of a plane. Even the angry buzz of a Stuka would have been music to his ears now.

But his hopes were futile and Groves knew it. The barrens of Franz Josef Land lay many hundreds of miles to the south. That bleak tundra was deserted, except for a solitary Allied radio transmitter. The world was busy with a big war. Even the enemy thought that nothing of consequence lived north of Franz Josef Land.

Groves had drifted far, terribly far, in the *Marwind's* lifeboat. Once he had loathed the craft, now he found himself eyeing it covertly each day, wondering if he dare take it to sea in the hope of meeting his own kind again.

The boat was much larger and more serviceable than the animal-skin craft, the oomiaks, these girls used for hunting walrus and spearing fish. Timersit had ordered it fitted with new oars carved from driftwood. Almost every day the lifeboat was used by parties of feminine hunters and fish trappers.

On an icy hummock above the little pier where the lifeboat and the oomiaks were tied up, there was a series of wooden platforms which provided firm support for huge whalebone launching pads, tied down with tough, resilient thongs of rawhide which had been soaked in brine. Piles of large, jagged rocks, some weighing as much as 15 pounds, lay at the sides of these strange machines.

Groves was curious about their purpose. He was told they were catapults, primitive but powerful weapons used by these island women for centuries to repel invasion by unwanted men from other tribes. Upon closer examination the sailor was surprised to find that the catapults and wood axles of the stone wheels had been well-greased with seal fat. They were ready for combat even now.

"But does anybody ever come here?" he asked hopefully. "I thought I was like Adam, just about the only man." He began to hope for an attack by whatever invaders these girls feared. Even to see another man would be a great satisfaction.

One fog-wreathed day in April, while he was lying in a hut with S'telik, a woman of 35, he heard a shrill cry from one of the girls who had been mending holes in the sides of the oomiaks.

"Men approach! They come in oomiaks from the island of Taglek!" the girl shouted. "Let us man the *kidlus* (catapults). The Tagleks have not been here for many moons; we must show them we are still ready for them."

Even S'telik, whose ardor was like that of a 19-year-old, leaped from Groves' side, donned her furs, and scrambled up the slope to her own *kidlu*. There were twenty of these catapults, commanding a fine view of the entrance to the tiny harbor.

The first boatload of Taglek men—ugly squat creatures like the hairy Ainus of Japan—scraped the shore and the men tumbled out. Yelling, the fur-clad fighters moved in, carrying harpoons, bone pikes and primitive bows.

Timersit herself, at the lead catapult,  
(Continued on page 96)



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sent a 10-pound stone crashing on the head of the first Eskimo man to set foot on the island. The tremendous velocity of the missile obliterated the invader's face. It snapped his head back like a match stick and the Taglek fell lifeless to the snowy beach.

Shouting threats and love supplications, the other Eskimo men jumped out of their low-riding boats and started ashore.

"*Kishmo!* May the demons devour these ugly ones!" shouted Timersit angrily, reloading her whalebone launching pad with the help of an assistant.

Now a hail of stony death cascaded upon the Taglek men. They dropped like tenpins, bloody and screaming. One managed to shoot an arrow into the shoulder of S'telik. But he had no time to crow over his victory. A mammoth stone from S'telik's own catapult, 15 pounds in weight, crushed the bowman's chest and he fell into the surf, coughing blood onto the ice.

Within twenty minutes the beach was dotted with the bodies of fourteen Taglek men. The remainder abandoned their invasion attempt—it was actually one of their periodic forays for these desirable island women—and took to their boats, chanting mournfully and paddling away into the mists of the sea.

"They are hairy, revolting creatures, not men we would willingly breed with," said Timersit, kicking in disgust at a dead Taglek's tortured face. "But they never learn. Not one of our girls, though hungering for a male, would willingly marry a creature like this."

After that Joe Groves had a healthy respect for the physical prowess of the women of the island.

One thing puzzled him. Where were the babies and children and the middle-aged and older women of this place? He asked Shik Shik.

"The children are sent away, to be raised in a stockade by the older women at the other end of the island," the girl replied. "Children never see their mothers. Kranorsak had eighteen children, but he never saw any. Yours too will be raised away from us, *kratouna*. Child-rearing is for the old women; we merely give birth to them."

Pretty inhuman, he thought. But I keep forgetting they are actually savages.

One day Timersit said: "I am going with Shik Shik tomorrow to hunt bear. We are low on skins. Will you come with us?"

Bored, he was happy at the prospect of seeing some action. In the cold darkness, for the murk lasted twenty hours a day in this place, he, Timersit, and the silent Shik Shik set out by dog sledge to the island's interior. He estimated that the domain of these women might be 12 miles in length and about two miles across.

The freezing temperature made him shiver and cough, for the air was hard to breathe in and ice particles tortured his lungs.

"Be quiet, *kratouna!*" Timersit hissed. She stood still, a goddess in the snow, sniffing the dark, icy air. Soon feeble light appeared in the sky. "*Kudlunga*—wonderful! The bear is not far away. I can tell. Quiet now."

Swiftly she untied the snarling dogs,

who fell silent, their ears pricked up. The shaggy brutes fanned out, inching on their bellies up a snowbank, the very hair of their scarred bodies standing erect as if charged with electricity.

"Now you go ahead—I order it!" rasped Timersit to Shik Shik. Timersit's eyes were hard and filled with hate and scorn. The younger girl obediently stumbled uphill after the dogs.

Groves started to protest but Timersit, who had her *pana* knife in her mittened hand, made a threatening gesture with the weapon. He kept a bridle on his tongue, though his heart ached for Shik Shik.

There was an animal rumble, a high-pitched feminine scream, a gurgle in the throat. Groves rushed ahead in defiance of Timersit. On the ground lay little Shik Shik, her lovely throat clawed open by a white bear which stood on its hind legs fully 10 feet tall. Around the enraged animal circled the dogs, fangs bared, harassing their quarry.

"You're a filthy bitch, Timersit!" Groves said. "You used her as bait—you could have used a dog. I'll fix you! It was that damned Oopik who told you about Shik Shik and me. Damn your soul!"

But there was no time for further recrimination. At bay the bear was a fearsome sight. His long matted hair was stained yellow from his own excrement. In one lightning movement he impaled a sledge dog on his two-inch claws and flung the howling hound into a hummock. The dog's intestines oozed into the snow. Another dog jumped the fallen animal and bit its throat, killing the wounded husky.

Other dogs moved in on the bear. Wor-rying the towering white giant from his flanks and the rear, they snapped at his great hind feet and haunch. Within minutes the bear had ripped apart three more dogs. But he was tiring. He sank to his knees.

"*Imacha, kunga!*" shouted Timersit, warily circling the animal with the curved *pana* knife ready in her hand. As the harried bear wearily got to his feet and made another pass at the tormenting dogs, the girl moved in for the kill. She thrust with her knife, sweat dappling her face. The blade entered the bear's furry throat, he swiped at her, sliced open her thigh, then fell lifeless at her feet.

Timersit ignored her own injury and hobbled up to Joe Groves. "You did not play fair, *kratouna*. The lottery awarded you to Oopik, but you bribed her to leave you alone and took Shik Shik instead. That is why Shik Shik had to die. We have our own rules here; such tricks are not allowed. Be glad you are still alive."

Still grasping the knife, she bent down and began peeling the bear's skin, sticking in her fingers to pull out the heart. She munched at it happily.

Groves walked back to a snowdrift and sat in it. He retched.

AS the weeks lengthened into months a brief season of far northern summer arrived and now there were days of twenty-one hours' sunshine. The temperature rose slightly. Despite this improvement Joe Groves became sullen and irritable; his fur clothing fit him badly for

he was losing weight. The women's demands on him were beginning to exact a physical toll greater than any man could pay.

The nails of his big toes were painfully ingrown from the too-short *kamiks* which encased his feet. His eyes watered from snow glare. For hours at a stretch he would stand on the beach and watch the shrieking loons pursue one another in the sky. He envied the birds their freedom.

Periodically the *aratavik* would totter to his hut to sip his blood. Once he had protested violently, had tried to lay hands on the old one and throw her out of his hut. A dozen girls, headed by Timersit, had seized him, whipped him raw with reindeer thongs and rubbed brine and ice in his wounds.

"If you touch her again," Timersit said coldly, "every girl on the island will help me kill you. She is sacred to us, a sorceress. She says that a little blood from a male keeps her alive. Our *aratavik* is past 80 summers. We must heed a person of her age."

The prospect of being killed by a horde of female fanatics was hardly a cheery one. So the embittered man permitted the old witch to sip his blood once a week without further protest.

Spring had come to Arperville Island. The women called it *oopungahuk*—"period of joy with a man"—but to Joe Groves it was a time of despair and utter exhaustion from their incessant demands.

To keep from going mad, he would scribble in secret on birch bark, which made an excellent substitute for paper, stuffing his notes in an old oil drum he kept hidden under a cairn of rocks. Here are some sample entries:

"August 14 (I think this is the date): The dog tender, Salguna, complained about me today. She said she would tell the *aratavik* I was holding back. To hell with Salguna."

"September 3: Trevelek grabbed me while I was watching a seal's breathing hole in the ice this morning. She threatened me with a harpoon because I said I was sick last night and refused to see her. I am sick—sick of all these damned women. (The seal got away)."

Oddly, it was the rower, Manvaruk, who had never won Groves' services in one of the daily love lotteries, who gave him the idea that escape might be possible after all.

She saw him one morning speculatively eyeing the *Marwinda's* lifeboat, which rocked in the icy water at the little jetty reeking of fish and walrus guts. Sidling up to him, Manvaruk plucked at his reindeer parka and looked knowingly into his eyes.

"I have seen you watching this boat day after day, *kratouna*. You wish to get away from here, yes?"

"What of it? I've had enough. But fat chance they'll let me go!"

She pressed against him eagerly. "I, Manvaruk, would help you, *kratouna*. I would even go with you out to sea. Be good to me. You have never been with me. When shall you come to my hut?"

She was a busty little creature with frank and adoring eyes and anxious hands which touched him at every opportunity.



Normally Groves would have liked her. Now all the tired man could reply was: "Okay, it's a deal. I'll come to your place after I'm finished with Sislik tonight."

Manvaruk came close to him. "And you will take me away, far out on the black waters to the land of the *kratounas* from which you came?"

"Okay, we'll go away together," he lied. "Now get going. Put plenty of provisions, fresh water and skin blankets in the boat. But let no one see you. Understand? Keep quiet about it!"

He crept into Manvaruk's hut at midnight, buoyed only by the thought that tomorrow he would be leaving Arpertileq Island and its fifty love-hungry women. Nestled in his arms, Manvaruk told him of the food and supplies she had secretly stowed in the lifeboat.

"Good!" he said with satisfaction. "That should be enough. Now I'll perform my part of the bargain."

Afterward Manvaruk kissed his hands and said wistfully: "I would be afraid to leave my island were it not for you, *kratouna*. But the thought of your love, of being with you always, gives me courage to go. I shall meet you at the boat just before the sky turns light."

He got dressed and said roughly: "Forget it, kid. You aren't coming with me. That was a screwball idea. The open sea is no place for a girl. Besides, you're better off here among your own kind, Manvaruk."

Joe Groves returned to his hut, the girl forgotten now, though he could still hear her muffled sobs in the icy night. He fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion. In the hours that remained before dawn one dream threaded through his mind.

He saw himself far out at sea, in a sturdy boat headed for civilization. Any country would do, friend or foe, just so he was away from Arpertileq Island. Now, in his fantasy, the unhappy man positively reveled in the notion of being alone at sea.

Whatever the hazards of the Arctic waters, nothing, he felt, could be as bad as what he had endured with these women. And yet, Groves realized, coming awake with a start, nobody would believe his story.

His friends would say: "Joe, you're nuts! Marooned with fifty women and hating everything about the experience? You must be nuts!"

To hell with them. They could think what they wanted. Just a few hours from now he would be out of here for good. He felt like shouting in exultation.

Joe Groves bundled up in his fur skins and slipped away from his hut. He hurried down to the pier, walking softly so the snow would not crackle and betray him. He climbed into the *Marwind's* lifeboat and checked the provisions the girl had put aboard.

The man looked at the rows of unlighted huts and smiled. Wouldn't the women be surprised to find him gone! Thank God, they would be asleep for some time yet. They wouldn't be able to pursue him in their *oumiaks*, for there was a heavy fog on the water.

As he dipped his oar a huge rock crashed just short of his lifeboat. Startled, he looked up in dismay. The embankment

above the pier had suddenly come alive with women. They were at every catapult, shouting and loading, and the would-be escapee found himself in a curtain of rocks and heavy stones descending on his body, the boat, the near-by jetty.

One fusillade shook his boat and threatened to swamp it. A smaller stone smacked his shoulder; the pain was excruciating and he whimpered in agony. Another rock hurtled down and broke his right wrist, making it useless for rowing. Still another missile split open his forehead, so that blood ran down his cheeks, blinding him.

Groves slumped forward until his bloodied head touched the bottom of the lifeboat, which was leaky now from rock punctures. The craft was beginning to founder in the shallows.

"Let me go," he moaned. "Just give me a sporting chance to be free."

But a rock bigger than any before—it was larger than a basketball—plummeted down on his back. Timersit, who had sent the great stone winging toward the boat, smiled happily as Joe Groves shuddered and fell into the water. He was dead now like *Kranorsak*, like the other white men, like *Shik Shik*.

We can suppose Timersit told Manvaruk: "The *kratouna* has gone to meet his spirits. You were right to come and tell me of his plans to leave, Manvaruk. I shall not punish you for encouraging him. Instead, I shall let you fetch the first gourd of water for the freezing pit in which this *kratouna* shall be placed. It is a great honor for you!"

The *aratavik*—her necklace of skulls jingling—shuffled over to the gigantic ice cube and peered at the cadaver inside. She grunted in satisfaction to Timersit, who proudly pointed out how well the icy embalming had preserved Groves' features.

"See, old revered one, how proud he looks, the set of his chin, how broad and sturdy are his shoulders! In years to come we shall show this husband to our daughters and our granddaughters, and the accounts of his love-making and strength shall be handed down to others, just as you carry tales of our tribe in your head."

The wrinkled old woman smacked her gums and sucked at the frozen head of a salmon. She sighed wheezily and turned away from the big ice block. Unblinking, the white man's eyes seemed to follow her. She made an ancient sign of supplication to the tribal gods to ward off his evil eye.

A cluster of girls gathered around the *aratavik* to hear her next words of wisdom. Finally she discarded the salmon and spoke thoughtfully. "*Eei-ai!* Yes, the *kratouna* was a fine male specimen, the best I have seen in my 80 moons on this island. He was a man of men and brave to the end. You women of Arpertileq Island will wait long before you are visited by another such one. This *kratouna* truly had the endurance of a walrus—so the younger women have told me." She cackled and returned to her hut.

Had Joe Groves been alive to hear her raspy words, he would have appreciated the *aratavik's* compliment. But his ears, like his eyes, were plugged forever by the permanent ice of his tomb.

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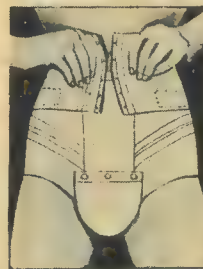
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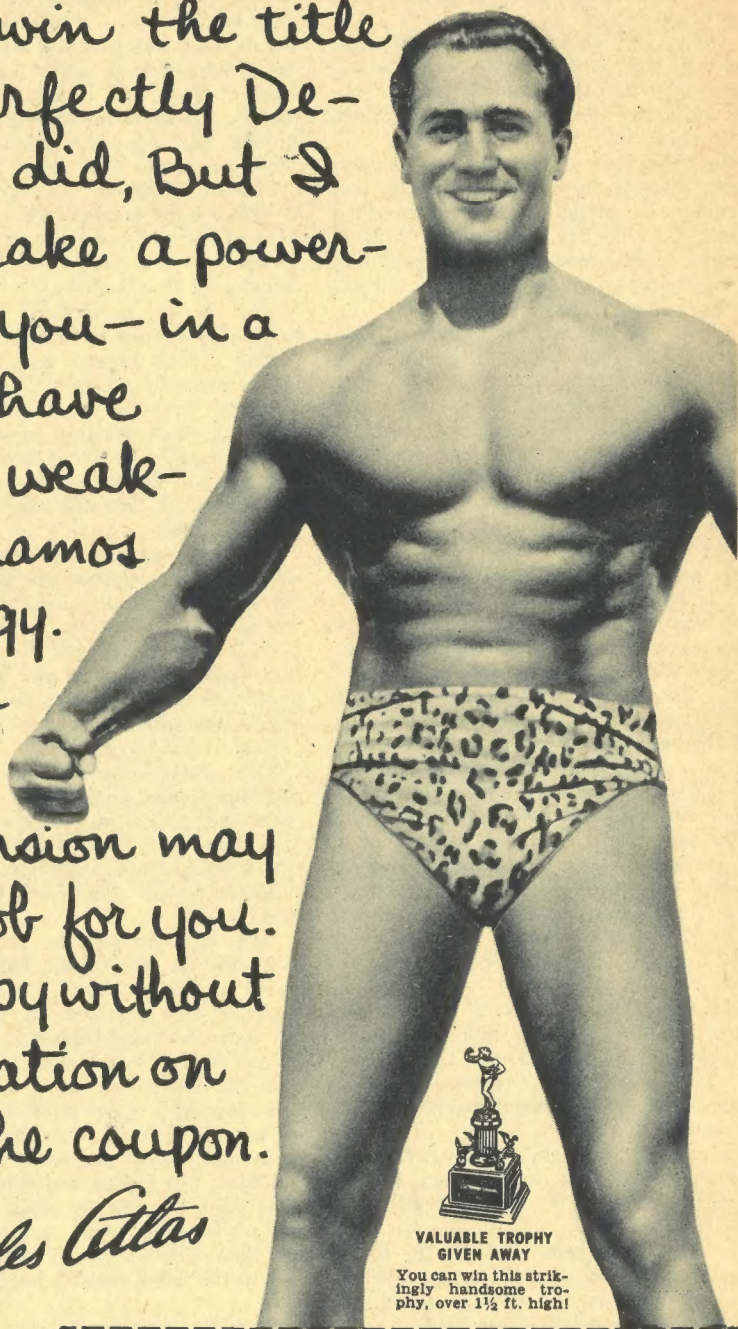
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